IronWatch

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ABYSSAL TIDINGS

A MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Another year is coming to a close, and we here at the IRONWATCH would like to wish you a happy holidays!

Dungeon Saga is soon to be arriving on doorstops near you; Please be sure to send us your stories and experiences with it; Do you prefer playing the valiant heroes or the cunning villains? Any particular close escapes or humiliating defeats? Let us know!

While the Warpath and Deadzone Infestation Kickstarters are still a little ways off from fulfillment, that doesn't mean we don't want to see articles about them; On the contrary, we tend to have a wonderful surplus of Kings of War stories, but not a whole lot for Warpath, Deadzone, or Dreadball, so please send us what you've got and we'd love to include it.

Lastly, don't feel shy about submitting material; We're not strict or picky, and we've yet to be given a story we didn't like, so please send us what you'd like to see included as part of your fan magazine!

Once again, thanks for reading, and whether you're a new reader or an old veteran, thanks for supporting us and Welcome to the Watch!

-Austin

Cover art by Boris Samec
Title art by Mark Peasley

Contact us and submit articles at:
ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com

Please note that, while we here at **Ironwatch** *attempt to deliver you the best products and ideas we can, we cannot guarantee the balance of any scenarios or special rules presented herein. If you find any errors, grammar mistakes, or rule imbalances, please contact us on the Mantic Forums (Look for the discussion labeled "Ironwatch Issue X Feedback") and let us know what we could do to improve your fan-produced magazine. If you are interested in writing, illustrating, or editing for our magazine, please let us know on the feedback discussion as well so you can get in on the action!*

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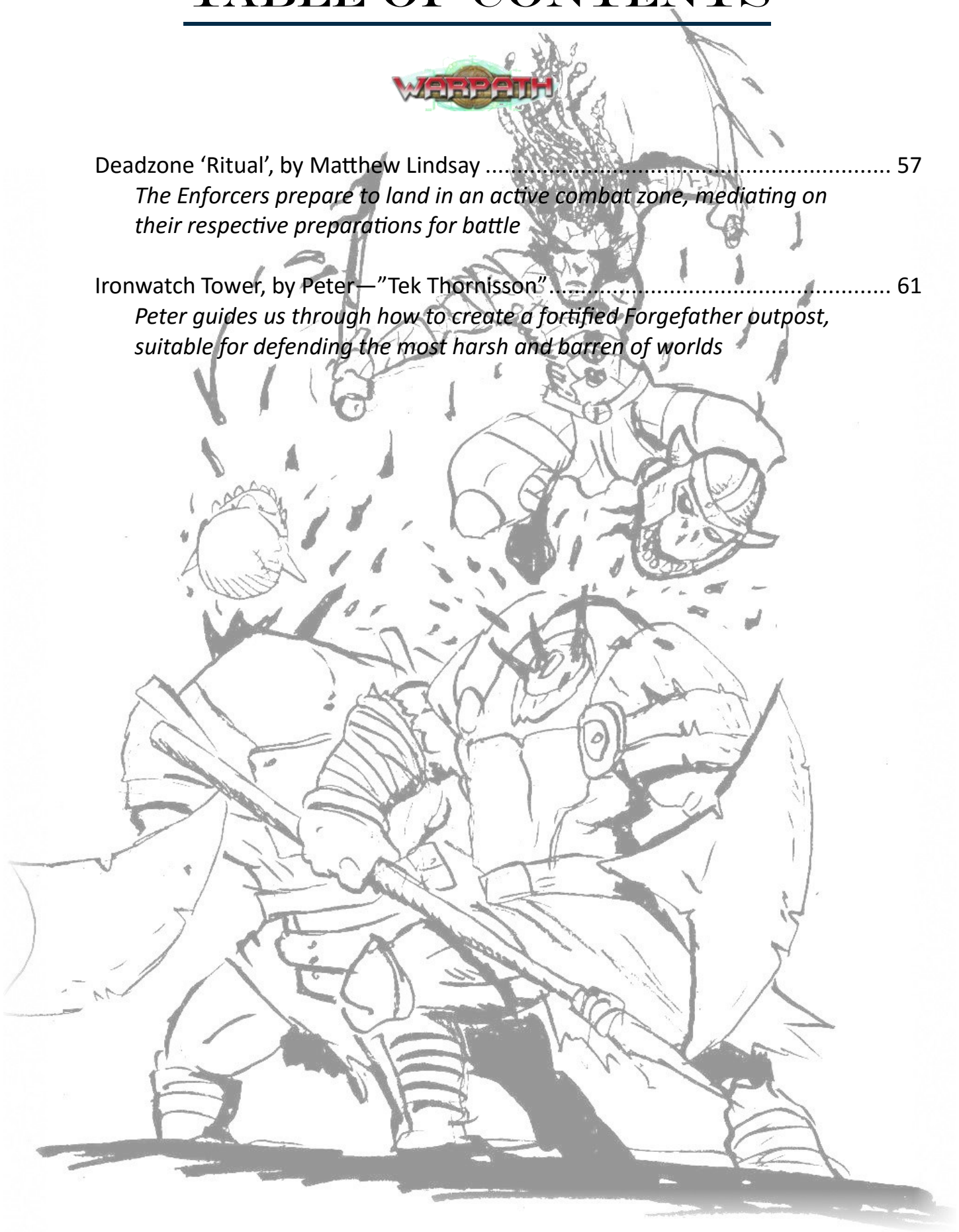


THE IRON FORGE

Welcome back to the Iron Forge.

On display this month for you we have:

- Geoff Burbidge and his incredible Dreadball Crystallan team.
- Marcel Popik and his stunning Boomer, Survivor, and Yindj Hunter from Deadzone
- Matt Gilbert, with his sneak-peek at some of the Heroes from Dungeon Saga

Keep tuned in next month for more fantastic models, and if you have some painted Mantic minis you'd like featured to possibly become an Iron Forge artist, please email high resolution photos of your miniatures to ironwatchmagazine@gmail.com.

Please include your name and/or Mantic forum name. You can also provide descriptions of your paint jobs and titles if you'd like!

Orc Flaggit "Sergeant Nero" by Darren Lysenko

LOKA Air chess set by Paul Scott

GEOFF BURBIDGE

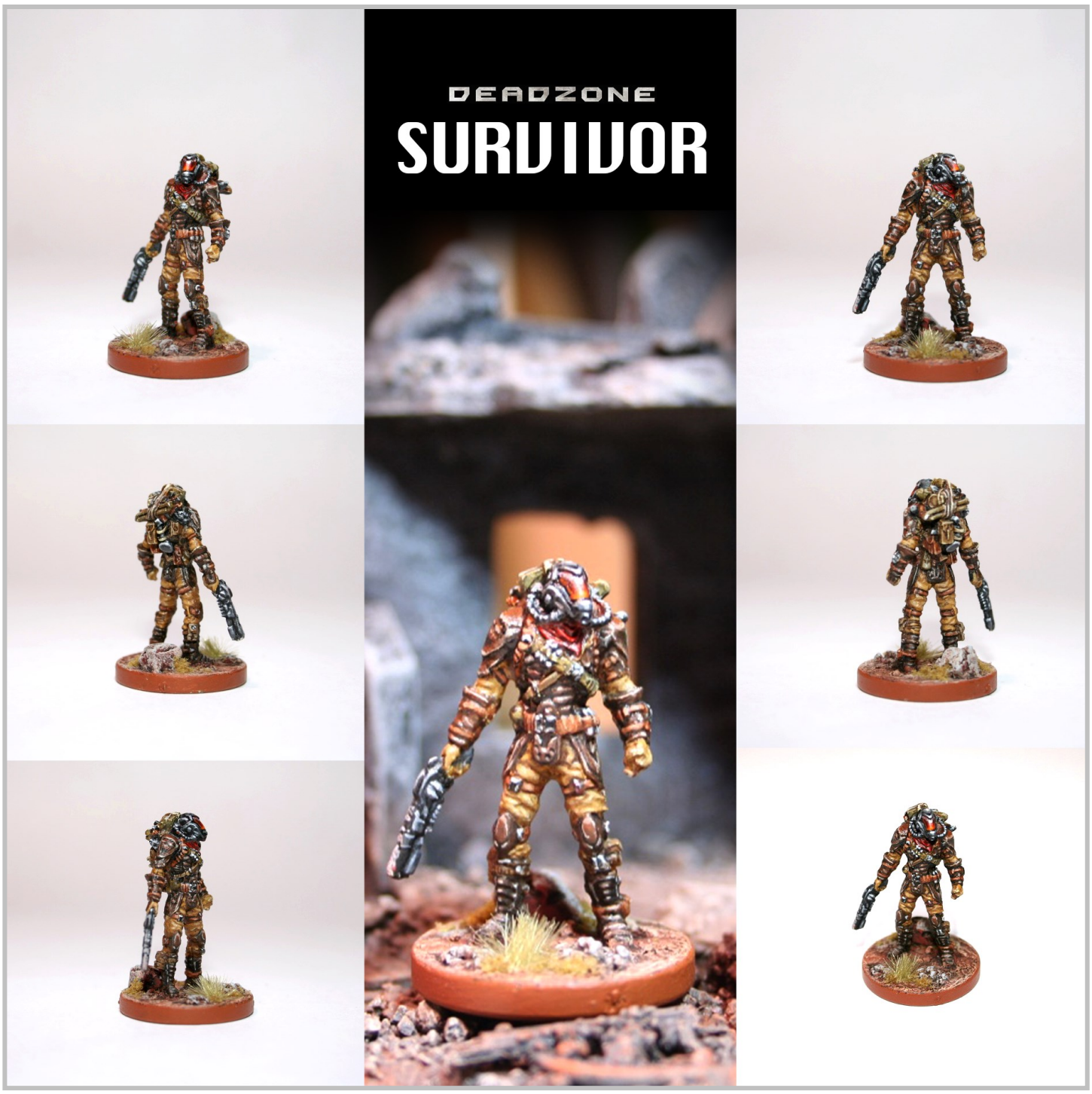
GEOFF BURBIDGE

GEOFF BURBIDGE

GEOFF BURBIDGE

MARCEL POPIK

MARCEL POPIK



MARCEL POPIK

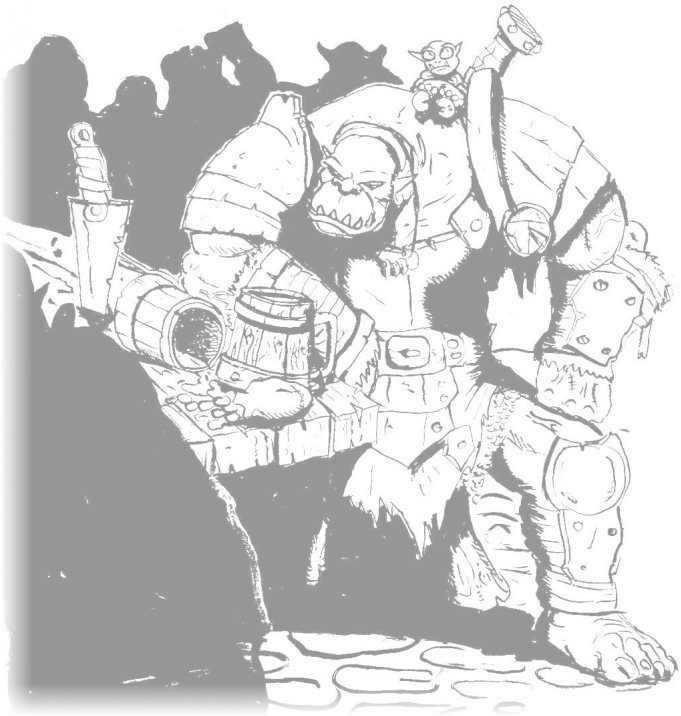
MATT GILBERT

Four legendary DS heroes painted up for the Open Day. These will feature in a skirmish game created for the day. I've gone for red, blue, green and yellow.

These are the metal versions of the models that will go to retail, mounted in 30mm round bases for the game (not the ones they came with).

MATT GILBERT

MATT GILBERT



Rebs in a dangerous Deadzone by Nicodemus Sandberg

MANTIC CALENDAR

If you have Mantic-related events or tournaments you'd like to add, please PM Matt Gilbert or Austin Peasley on the forums or email us with your event's date, time, location, cost, a brief description, and a URL for more information.

Please note that this list is not exhaustive and indicates where Mantic games are being enjoyed, and not necessarily where Mantic will be making an official appearance (Save for the Mantic HQ, of course!).

December

12/5 **Grail Quest VII Kings of War Grand Tournament**
From 12:00 Am on 12/5/15 to 12:00 AM on 12/7/15
The Kings of War GT will consist of five 2000-point 2nd Edition games over two days.
Atomic Empire, 3400 Westgate Dr. #14B, Durham, NC 27707, USA

12/5 **(Toledo) Torneo pathfinder Kings of War Runesword**
From 12:00 Am on 12/5/15 to 12:00 AM on 12/6/15
Registration opens November 5th.
Calle San Camarin de San Cipriano 3 (Toledo)

12/12 **(Madrid) Torneo Kings of War (Quimera)**
Torneo para 12-16 jugadores
Quimera, Calle de Jorge Juan, 112, 28028 Madrid, Madrid, España

12/19 **Alcarriagames (Guadalajara - Spain)**
8:00 AM—8:00 PM
This games Event in Guadalajara (Spain) will feature Kings of War Demos as well as Dungeon Saga Demos
Palacio Multiusos Guadalajara, Avenida el Vado, s/n, 19070 Guadalajara, Guadalajara, España

12/19 **Club Day in 7th Degree**
8:00 AM—8:00 PM
This event will focus on demoes for learning about Kings of War
Club 7º Grado, Leganés - Madrid, Spain

Chromium Charger Dreadball player by Chris Schlumpberger

2016—January

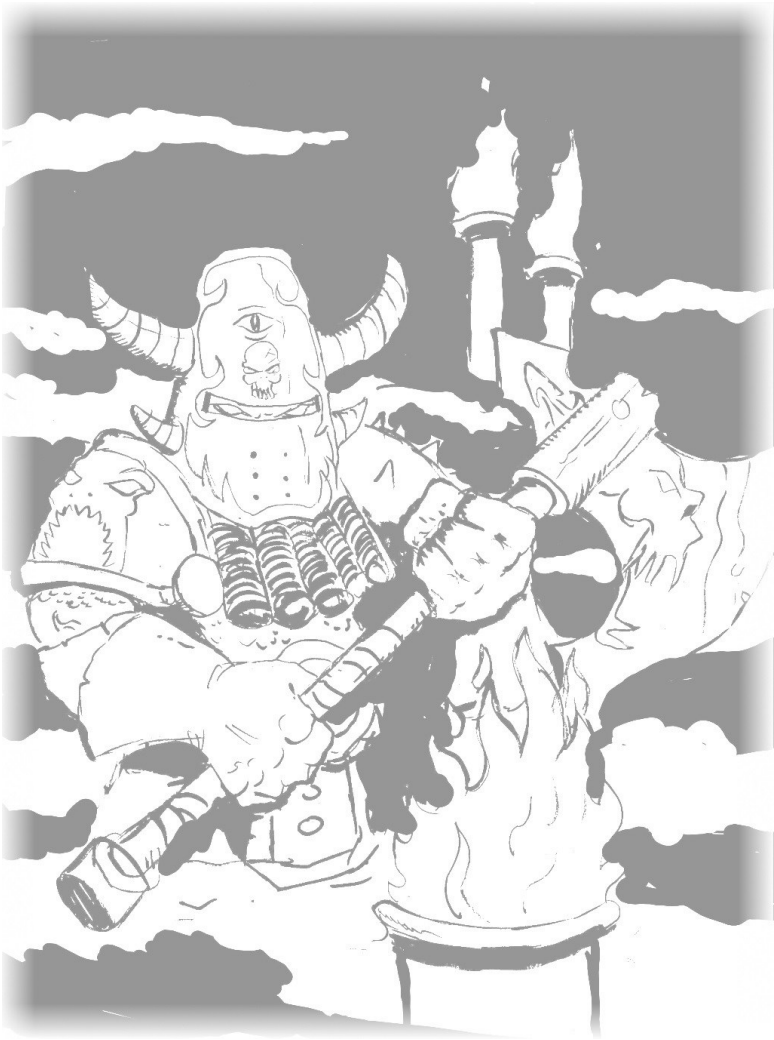
1/16 **(Madrid) Torneo de Kings of War (GTN)**
Goblin Trader Norte

1/30 **Shiloh Slaughter Grand Tournament**
From 12:00 Am on 1/30/16 to 12:00 AM on 1/31/16
Registration is $60
Chancellor Hotel, 70 NE Ave , Fayetteville, AR 72701, USA

Abyssal Dwarf Katsuchan Rocket Launcher by "puggimer"

TO THE NORTH

By Chris Davis



The world was ending, the sky was a hue of reddish black the ground cracked broken and dead. It was all coming to a end, but in ending there is a chance for another beginning. Anew of hope of choice of possibilities.

The bullgod could feel it all ending his power his time waning that he and his had little time left here on this plane of existence. It was this feeling of end of flux of chaos that he felt a new chance a new world a new possibility. What awaited him and his in this new world he knew not only that this world was dead and dying and he needed it if he was to exist. For in the end like all things to exist was what mattered most, like all other

things he fought to be not just to control to own to command but to BE!

So it was the voices of the abyss spoke to him told him how he and his would have a place to come and exist. That the end of his world was not the end, that they could continue on in their world. The bullgod took this offer with out thought with out hesitation if anything he took it in rashness that would haunt him. When they arrived his followers saw a new land and saw it to be good for it was familiar in fact it was exactly like home. The bullgod did not share their joy though for at once he could feel it before he could even see the new world the new home, his oubliette.

The new world was indeed close to the tear and was in fact very warm and very despoiled. The land grew only tough sinewy roots and plants. But it was also so very far north, in fact it was so far north that when the cold winds blew down in the cold seasons. They all but put out the heat of the tear. It was this cold combined with how few of the bullgod's followers that he had now made this his cage. The bullgod was a being of heat of extreme temperament his forge needed unending heat to create. The vast sea of followers was now reduced to nothing. A mere shadow of previous power.

So it is as it has come to pass that the bullgod escaped the end of the world. But now he is trapped to the north of the tear. Having neither enough of his followers or the power of the abyss due to being too far from the tear, just close enough to survive. This combined with the bitter cold that comes down to torment him and ensure his binds are firm. The dawi Zharr have made their new home bound as they are. Time alone holds the means for them to come once again to the fore.▪

Abyssal Dwarf Halfbreed by "puggimer"

Ogre Warriors by Taylor Holloway

THE MIGHT OF OLD

FORCE ADDENDUMS FOR KINGS OF WAR

By Vane Dolenc

Editor's Note: Vane has kindly provided a pair of optional Force Addendum lists for the Ogre and Goblin armies in Kings of War.

These listed units, artifacts, and spells can be used in addition to normal troops, magic items, and spells from that army, in the same manner as the army itself. They count as being part of that army, rather than as allies, but as with all unofficial rule supplements, be sure to check with your opponent to make sure the supplemental rules are agreeable to both parties before playing.

Happy battling!▪

Might of Old: Goblin Armies

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Snaggers — Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (10)	5	5+	5+	3+	8	8/10	60

Special
Ensnare, Thrown Weapons, Vanguard

Death Divers* — Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	10	4+	-	3+	6	10/12	100
Horde (6)	10	4+	-	3+	12	13/15	160

Special
Fly, Thunderous Charge (3)

Flying High
Any charge made against this unit is resolved as a Hindered charge unless the enemy has the Fly rule.

Canopy Crawlers — Cavalry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Troop (5)	7	4+	-	4+	6	9/11	80
Regiment (10)	7	4+	-	4+	12	12/14	120
Horde (20)	7	4+	-	4+	24	17/19	220

Special
Ensnare, Pathfinder, Vicious

Dire Canopy Crawler — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	7	4+	-	5+	8	16/18	220

Special
Base size: 100x150mm, Crushing Strength (2), Ensnare, Pathfinder, Vicious

Dire Canopy Crawlers are not Yellow Bellied.

Options
- Mount a Light Catapult on it - Range 48", Ra 5+, one ranged attack, Blast (D3+1), Piercing (1), Indirect Fire for +10 pts.

King on Canopy Crawler — Hero (Lrg Cav)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	7	4+	-	4+	7	13/15	115

Special
Crushing Strength (1), Ensnare, Pathfinder, Vicious, Inspiring

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

Boots of Swift Retreat — Cost: 10 pts

The unit moves at its full Speed rather than half its Speed when carrying out a Back! order. If the unit chooses to move directly backwards after routing an enemy in melee, it may move D6" rather than D3" (make sure to declare this before rolling).

Crown of False Bravado — Cost: 10 pts

The unit may re-roll any failed Yellow Bellied test.

Magic Mushroom — Cost: 15 pts

This artefact can only be used by Heroes.

Once per game, before resolving his melee attacks, the Hero can increase his Crushing Strength value by 2, or gain Crushing Strength (2) if he does not already have the rule, for the rest of the turn. He also suffers D3 points of damage. He does not take a Nerve test for suffering this damage.

Great Spider Totem — Cost: 20 pts

Attacks of any type made against this unit cannot benefit from the Vicious special rule.

Arcane Secrets

Wizzes gain the following additional options:
- Evil Eye (2) for +20 pts
- Bloodlust (3) for +15 pts

Spell	Range
Evil Eye (n)	**18"**
Special Rules	
Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, if one or more hits are scored, any further ranged attacks made against the same unit in the same Shooting Phase are resolved as if they had the Elite special rule.	

Spell	Range
Bloodlust (n)	**12"**
Special Rules	
Friendly unit only, including units engaged in combat. Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, the unit gains Lifeleech (x) for the rest of the turn, where x is the number of hits 'inflicted' by Bloodlust.	

Might of Old: Ogre Armies

Force List Addendum

The units listed below are added to the force list.

Mercenary Veterans — Large Infantry

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
Regiment (3)	6	3+	5+	5+	9	13/15	170
Horde (6)	6	3+	5+	5+	18	16/18	260

Special

Crushing Strength (1), Pistols, Piercing (1), Elite

More Money Than Sense

This unit may have up to two magical artefacts rather than one.

Red Goblin Boomwagon — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	4+	5+	4+	3	13/15	135

Special

Base size: 50x100mm, Fury, Thunderous Charge (2)
Boomgun - Range 24", Blast (D3), Piercing (2)

Options

- Replace Boomgun with a Catapult: Range 48", one ranged attack, Blast (D6+1), Piercing (2), Indirect Fire for +10 pts.

Dire Rammoth — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	4+	-	5+	12	17/19	225

Special

Base size: 100x150mm, Crushing Strength (2), Thundering Charge (2), Fury, Big Shield

Winterbeast — Monster

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	5	4+	-	5+	10	15/17	225

Special

Base size: 100x150mm, Crushing Strength (2), Thundering Charge (2), Ensnare, Breath Attack (Att)

Famine Rager — Hero (Lrg Inf)

Unit Size	Sp	Me	Ra	De	Att	Ne	Pts
1	6	4+	-	4+	6	13/15	135

Special

Nimble, Crushing Strength (2), Lifeleech (3)

Ancestral Armoury

Units in this force list have access to additional magical artefacts listed below, subject to the usual restrictions.

The Biggest Club — Cost: 20 pts

This artifact can only be used by Heroes.

Whenever the Hero rolls to damage in melee, he can re-roll any dice that failed to hit.

Wanderlust Stone — Cost: 5 pts

The unit may move up to an additional 2" when it receives an At the Double! order.

Spellguzzler Charm — Cost: 25 pts

The unit cannot be targeted by spells (friendly or enemy!)

Emergency Rations — Cost: 25 pts

Once per game, at the start of its own side's turn, the unit may recover up to D3 points of damage.

Arcane Secrets

Warlocks gain the following spells as additional options:

- Hungry Pit (2) for +20 pts
- Thunderclap (1) for +15 pts

Spell	Range
Hungry Pit (n)	**12"**

Special Rules

Piercing (4) - roll to damage as normal.

The caster may remove up to 1 point of damage from himself for each point of damage inflicted by Hungry Pit.

Hungry Pit has no effect on units with the Fly rule.

Spell	Range
Thunderclap (n)	**12"**

Special Rules

Hits don't inflict damage. Instead, if one or more hits are scored, the target enemy unit becomes Disordered until the end of its next turn.

THE PEOPLE OF SKYTHIA

By Robert Dunham

"Skythians have only one known fear: the sky falling down on them."
-Source unknown

The men and women of Skythia are nomads, driven in life by the sky and the game that roams the vastness of the Mammoth Steppes. Their pride is their horse, their spears, and foremost their bow.

For it was the harshness of the Steppes that demanded the Skythians learn quickly. By the time they are seven, Skythian children are shown how to gut an animal by their mothers. When they are ten, weekly bow contests instilled the craft of the people, and bragging rights to their families. Later on, as they grow, are taught to ride a horse alongside their fathers, so they too could take part in their people's greatest hunt.

The Corral

The "Corral" has traditionally always been a mammoth hunt, the likes of which brings everyone from the Skythian tribes together, and for good reason. Because of their massive size, mammoths have never been easy prey for spears; rather, they were the type of animal, which despite their size, were conditioned to run by the constant probing of the Skythians (some of their favorites being arrow shots, or the screams of women folk). Eventually, the hunted herd would be cornered near the edges of canyons, where the jagged rocks of the ravines would be expected to finish them off.

Afterwards, Skythian families work together for weeks to build fires and huts to flay the carcasses. Yet, meat is only one of many things the Skythians need: what fur that was collected was often made into clothes, mammoth hides were dried, in hopes for using them as covering for their huts. Tusks and bones were often made into dagger hilts, trinkets, arrow heads, medicine and ornamental pieces for their horses (which made them fiercer, as the stories go). Even the less potable meat often ended up in the saddle bags of horsemen.

As time has passed, the people of Skythia have been forced to drive deeper into the Steppes, tradition putting them at odds with the Ogre tribes, whose life too was staked on the mammoth.

Skythian Society

Many Skythians are nomadic, but even some of the tribes have found places to settle down by the sea, where opportunities for

By "imm0rtal reaper"

farming and trade have been more plentiful, especially for the Lazyges. These trade centers have become places where all Skythians congregate at one point or two during the year, because where one tribe lacks something, another tribe has learned to provide.

In towns, gold and silver secure vital lifelines, but those from the outside were no less entrepreneurial. Nomads often provided hard to find game (many people seeking powder ground from the tusk of Mammoth) and plunder, "liberated" while on the plains. The most successful tribes often embed golden plates into their horses armor, or jewelry while not at war.

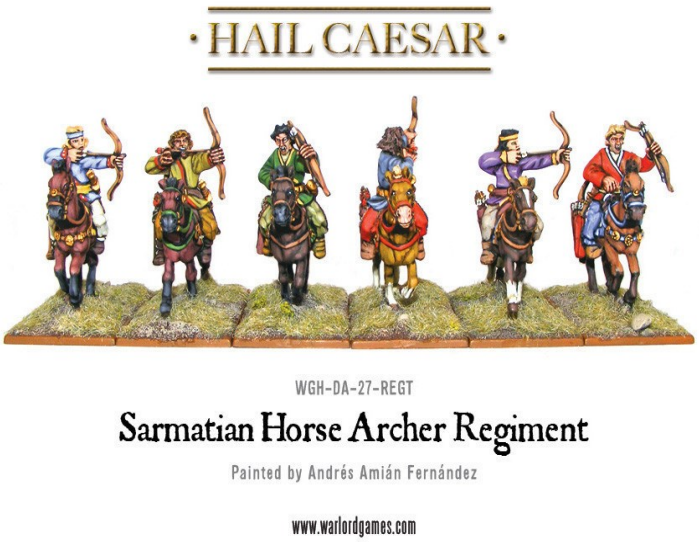
Hierarchy

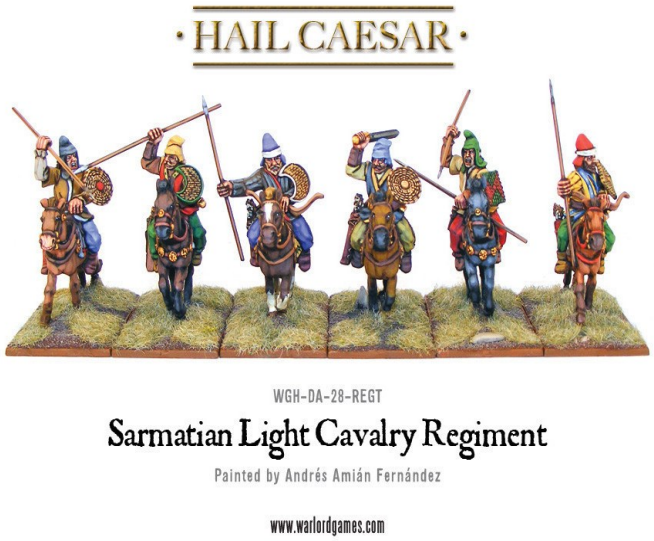
The towns and tribes often turn to their chiefs for guidance during hard times, especially in disputes of land, property and marriage. Chiefs were often people with the greatest wealth, which secured the loyalty of reputable clans and families, and usually scores of some of the best veterans, who in turn commanded respect from the younger men, and women of the tribe. If leadership is challenged, which is usually not often (if the raids stay well), tradition has it that the leader can accept or decline the challenge (but to save face, usually accepts anyway).

In times of armed conflict, chieftains call out to their brother tribes, levying men, and women from the camps. Until conflicts draw to a close, the loose confederation of tribes convene together for the common defense of the lands.

Sarmatia- traditionally have held the highest standard of horsemanship among all of the Skythian tribes. In battle, their horses come at their enemies like living iron battering rams, otherwise known as the Cataphracts. Said to have blended the Amazon and Scythian bloodlines, many war leaders in Skythian lore have descended from the Sarmatians.

Amazons- At one point Amazons and the Scythian tribes warred with one another, but through their ability to fight, the Skythian tribes realized that they should be among the same people. The Amazon culture has been a great source of inspiration for Skythian women, as Amazon lore has it that only by being able to kill a man should she be able to be wed. And so, it is tradition for young women to ride alongside men, where





the skill of their bow proves their deadliest asset (some going as far as removing a breast to steady their aim). If they are able to bring back a head, they secure their right to have children.

Amazon women are notorious for coming into battle on chariots, where their raiding lifestyle has become a prized commodity. However, they will equally meet men on the field with spears.

Lazyges- the lazyges were notorious slave traders, accustomed to trade along the seas. Bands of their people seek fortunes outside their home, whether it be with their skills with the bow, spear or axe.

Skythian Warfare

The Skythian hunts train every last member of the tribe to work together, and to only press an advantage when their enemy appears weak. In battle, this often translates to mobile warfare, where the aim of the army is to weaken the enemy ahead of the impending charge.

When necessary, the Skythians will turn to their people to fill the ranks of their spear levies. In practice however, the tribes have found that out maneuvering their foes forces their enemy to quit the field before a conflict can escalate. Most of the time due to hunger or being unable to mount a counter attack. When forced to defend their homes, the Skythian tribes will lock into tight spear formations, where their bodies hold out for the Sarmatian charge.

While Skythian warbands raid very well, they are not at home in siege warfare, and do not have the stomach to lose valuable hunters to a prolonged melee. It is not uncommon for them to seek out foreigners whose aptitudes far exceed theirs in cases, such as in siegecraft, or magic. Only the richest tribes have been known to take this option for granted, or the most desperate.

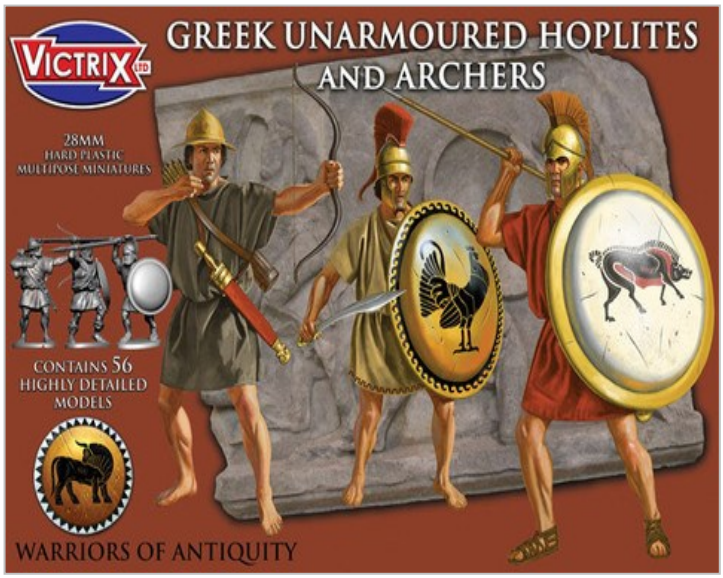
Collecting a Skythian Force

Sarmatian Cataphracts

Sarmatian Horse Archers

Sarmatian Light Cavalry

Ancient Celts Archers



[Greek Hoplites and Archers]

[War Maidens Warrior Archers]

[War Maidens Warrior Queen in Chariot]

[War Maidens Hoplites with Spears 1]

[War Maidens Hoplites with Spears 2]

[Armored Hoplites]

[Ancient Celts Female Warriors]

[Tribesmen of Germania]

VICTRIX
MERCENARY ARMOURED HOPLITES 5TH TO 3RD CENTURY BCE
28MM HARD PLASTIC MULTIPOSE MINIATURES
CONTAINS 48 HIGHLY DETAILED MODELS
WARRIORS OF ANTIQUITY

Kingdoms of Men Mounted Standard Bearer by Andre Kritzinger

The Draw of Skythia

Skythia is a great excuse to incorporate Greek and Celt miniature ranges.

As you may notice, the faction has many elements which disdain heavy armor, so would be great to showcase the various clothes they might wear. Skythia, from a historical perspective, has usually always favored horse warfare. Heavy armor slowed down their horses, and made it impractical for the typical horse archer to wear it while on the battlefield. Speed and maneuvering allowed horse archers to attack and withdraw at the earliest moment the battle went wrong (unlike their Cataphract allies). After surrounding their enemies, and weakening their resolve, Cataphracts often delivered the morale shattering charge, but were often used last because of the amount of weight the horse bared. As you can imagine, up to eighty pounds of scale, and a fully dressed out horseman, could sap the stamina of even the best warhorse.

Skythian infantry predominantly used whatever they could get their hands on (daggers, axes, swords, spears and clubs), but by reputation, their livelihood always depended on the bow. In Greece, where archery was not necessarily pushed, leaders supplemented their ranks with Cretans, but when they couldn't hire Cretans, Skythian bows did the job to. Macedonia was keen on hiring eastern horse tribes when some of their own forces were soundly defeated by bows. A notable opportunity though is the option to include Dacian models. During the Roman-Dacian wars, Sarmatia and Dacia worked together to repel the Romans. Sarmatia offered their horseman, while Dacians earned a reputation for their infantry (falxmen come to mind).

Kingdoms that developed along the black sea, such as Bosphorus, or Cimmeria, did use mail (plate variations or scale), and spears to great effect. Out on the plains, heavier armor would usually be seen on nobles or people of worth. In Celt fashion, status in the tribe could usually be tied to what you wore in battle, as you had to have great material wealth to afford the skills of a black smith or tradesmen.

Being so close to Greek influence, it is very easy to explain differences in forces through the use of mercenaries, or by how they settled down in their area. Interested players could use hoplites, pikeman or warbands as

they see fit. Of course, with the availability of magic, black powder weapons, and siege weapons, you are still free to draw your own conclusions as well. And being so close to Greece, fantasy elements are sure to give you ample opportunities to include things such as Centaurs and Hydras. ▪

Kingdoms of Men Hero by "daedle"

RECLAMATION SONG
PART 2

By Michael Grey

Sons of the Trag can no more stand
The armoured wrath of a thousand hands
We go

Winter came early this far north. It pressed onto the mountains and seemed to shrink the world into the few passes around the hold. It was only the glimpse of distant peaks, visible only by their iced edges beneath the low dark clouds which gave away the world had not disappeared under another Winter.

Deeper into the season sound had a flatter quality once snow began to eat the passes, piling up the valley sides until not a sliver of bare rock could be seen anywhere along the range. On patrol Thegn Uchdryd's orders were shortened in the frigid air, turning into puffs of steam and dissipating quickly. What were in the autumn hard-pushed but uncomplicated marches turned into almost impossible slogs through drifts higher than the tallest dwarf. The hold's few fire priests were perpetually busy to the south, keeping the main thoroughfares open for the few pack wagons still coming up from the southern holds.

Dwarven Stone Priest by Peter Grose

This left the patrols to make do as they could. Jorrin and the rest of his regiment were using shields to pat down light snow, making it something harder they could walk over, while behind them the soft fall slowly covered and undid their path, making their return journey as difficult as their outward.

"Flame. Damn. This." Gruf spoke between hard breaths as she stamped her shield over the snow. "Why. Do we. Have to do. This."
"You'll sink into the drifts otherwise," said Bradwen behind them. The big dwarf stood a few inches lower than usual, his vast weight enough to force him into the shield-packed snow.

"Not that, idiot. Why are we even patrolling." Jorrin smiled at the exchange. Gruf didn't mean insult by the words, it was just banter between people who had spent

Dwarven Heroes by Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez

long hours together and still enjoyed each other's company.

"Patrolling's what we do. We are the shield of the hold," said Bradwen, reciting the oath they had all spoken on taking up arms for Dar Gaer.

"Right now I think the snow is more defence then we could ever be." Gruf stepped into the newly-packed snow and began batting down the next drift.

"Because we're not out here alone," said Jorrin.

Gruf and Bradwen stopped what they were doing and turned to look at him. "How do you mean?" said Bradwen.

"Herse Baddon has had rangers moving into Tragar. That's what the Master Ranger said." He continued when Gruf and Bradwen looked at him with questioning expressions.

"How do you hear that?" said Gruf.

"When he scared Thegn Uchdryd on that patrol."

"I didn't hear that." Gruf gave a questioning expression to Bradwen who shook his head.

"I thought everyone heard."

"He didn't come within twenty paces of us," said Bradwen.

Jorrin didn't know what to say to that, so said nothing. He began to think on that, on how the words which were so clear to him, so clear he just assumed everyone else heard, when he was interrupted by the deadened heavy thump of snow on snow.

Ahead of them a coppice of fir trees grew from the snow crust. Their branches brushed the drifts piled up against the thicket and in patches the snow bringing the

branches low slewed off where something disturbed them.

Jorrin had been told by other dwarfs more used to the harsher northern climate that while outside his beard might burn his skin where it touched, inside such a copse might be warm, insulated by the same snow which could kill outside.

A coppice that size, he thought, could hold much more than one person.

As if vitalised by the thought the lower branches shook powerfully enough to create a localised snowstorm. The cold had worked its way into the dwarfs' bodies and minds and they were slow to react to the sudden movement only thirty yards away, even Thegn Uchdryd, who's order to "Form ranks!" came belatedly and weak.

While they were still moving into position the braches burst open. Jorrin still had not locked his shield with Gruf when, out from the powder white mound, dwarf rangers erupted into the open in a headlong run. It became quickly obvious the rangers did not know the patrol was there.

The last ranger cleared the trees helping another dwarf limp as fast as he could, and looked up. Jorrin recognised Rhun and, even at the distance, the expression that came to his face as he saw the battleline was, while not relief, the welcome acceptance of a change in tactical potential.

"Form up!" he bellowed. Even as the master ranger struggled through snow with a wounded comrade his order reached into the training of every dwarf there. Jorrin felt his shield rattle as his neighbours tested the wall.

He watched the master ranger and his injured comrade push through the snow, making painfully slow progress towards the regiment's line. The other rangers had already reached them and swept around beyond Jorrin's sight. Only Rhun and the last ranger was left when the small wood they

Orc Axes by Jonathan Faulkes

Orc Axes by Neil Dixon

emerged from exploded outward in a cloud of snow, bark and sap.

What burst from the trees was something direct from the realm of tales told to frighten children. Tales made real in the snow, tales made tangible by size and tusk and blade.

"Orc." Jorrin didn't know who said it, but the word was loaded equally by disbelief and alarm.

It was not only that he looked upon beasts he knew existed but never expected to see, but that there were so many - they nigh poured from the copse as if their bodies alone held up the branches.

They bounded over the snow at a speed no creature that size should be capable of, grunting heavy breaths to hang in the cold air. Within a beat they were upon Rhun and the ranger. The lead orc leapt, swung a rusted blade above its head, and brought it down. The blade took the injured ranger between the shoulders. The dwarf arched back, opening his mouth as if to scream but releasing only a spray of blood, shockingly red in the white landscape.

Rhun was almost dragged down with the sudden deadweight, but managed to hold his feet. Jorrin's last view of the master ranger was of him twisting to face the orc, unslinging his axe as he turned and putting the momentum into the inception of a swing. And then the master ranger was gone, lost behind the incoming horde of green-skinned monstrosities.

"Prepare yourselves!" shouted Thegn Uchdryd.

The dwarf line drew together, bonding with muscle and iron. The orcs were almost upon them, their blind charge made no less threatening for its ragged line. They howled as they came, the only noise in the winter-deadened valley.

And the dwarfs prepared to meet them.

The orcs crashed into the shield wall. Jorrin's shield was slammed into him and his feet were forced backwards in the snow. But he held; the whole wall held. The orcs howled, but now it was the dwarf's turn.

Dwarven Kudger on Gore by Darren Lysenko

"Second rank!" came Thegn Uchdryd's voice. The orc face baying its animal cry over the lip of Jorrin's shield suddenly disappeared, smashed from above by Bradwen's enormous hammer. It was immediately replaced by another. This beast tried to hook Jorrin's shield. Jorrin felt the air displace by his ear and Bradwen brought his hammer down expertly beside his head and onto the orc's crown with a wet crunch.

"First rank," shouted Thegn Uchdryd, picking up volume as it warmed, "Heave!"

As one the dwarfs along the wall's leading edge put their shoulders to their shields and in time gave one almighty shove. For all their mass the orcs were not prepared for the thrust, and the unexpected force staggered them. Still in time, the dwarfs unlocked their shields and, as one, hacked into the orcs.

Jorrin's own axe bit into the skull of the beast before him, and felt the satisfying *thunk* as the blade bit into the skull to two fingers deep, but even then he knew he had merely stunned it. It reached up, trying to bat away his arm, but he was already bringing it back and locking his shield in place once more. As the wall reformed he had a glimpsed of the orc trying to stand only to be trampled from behind by another trying to get at the dwarven line. His shield shook as the orcs clashed back in place, filling his world with pressure and the noise of battle.

"Second rank!" shouted Thegn Uchrdyd. Once again Bradwen's hammer came down, and once more orcs died, and the cycle continued. The Thegn would call the

Dwarven Shieldbreaker by "Dusty"

command and Jorrin would open his shield, slice into the orc presented to him, and then he would relock the shield for Bradwen to do his bloody work. His shoulders burned and his thighs felt to always be on the verge of collapse, but he was dimly aware of the lessening pressure beyond his shield and the blood-blackened snow underfoot as they made progress forward.

They were winning, and the realisation invigorated him.

"No!" In the workmanlike way the dwarves had taken death to the orcs it was the first voice Jorrin had heard other than the Thegn's. It came from Jorrin's left, and he risked a brief glance to see a curved blade hook one shield. The orc holding the knife was brought down by a hammer, brought from the second rank as Bradwen did behind himself, and with the same effect. But the orcs Bradwen brought down had not hooked a blade over a shield. The hammer blow struck the orc down, and it took its blade with it, along with the shield.

The tension left the shield wall immediately as three spears came through the sudden gap. The dwarf who had held the shield was pierced through the chest. He convulsed and spewed blood, but in the press his body could not drop and he stayed upright, vomited blood running over his mail.

A blow struck Jorrin's shield. Moments before when the shield wall was held by the strength of twenty dwarfs he would have barely felt it, now it was only what strength he had left the impact was vicious, sending the shield into his and jarring his arm numb.

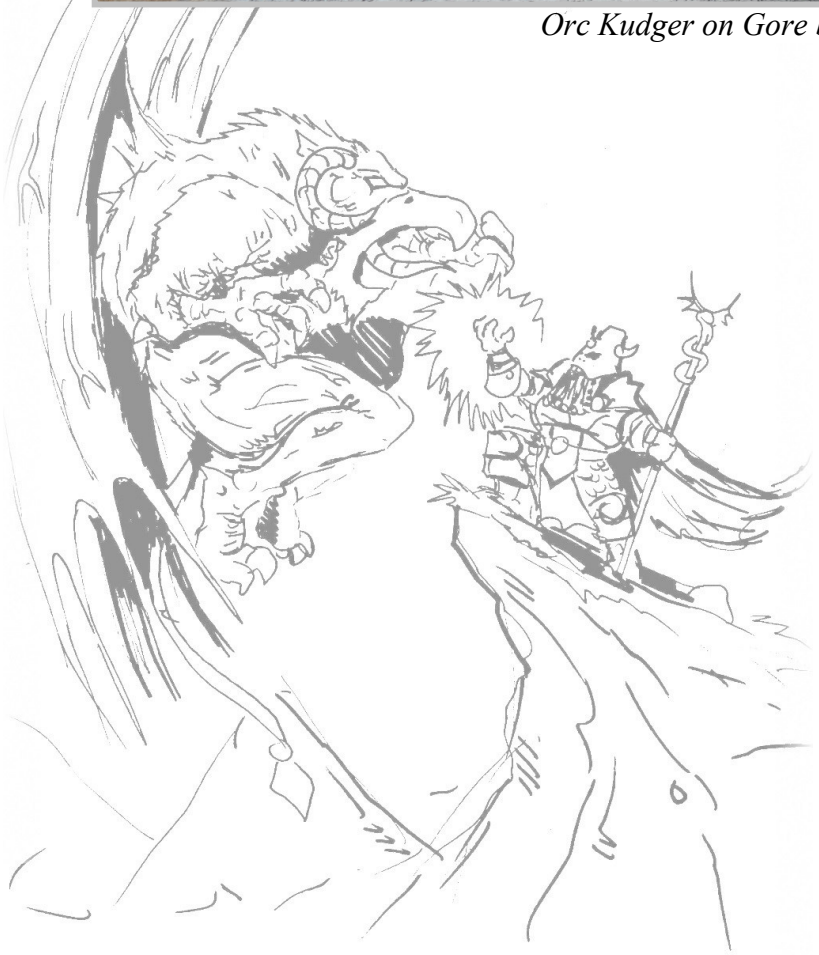
The ordered battleline crumbled as the dwarfs stepped apart, giving themselves room against an enemy who desperately fought to be amongst them. The orc that came for Jorrin was not the largest of its kind, but each strike it made came down from its greater height and all Jorrin could do was raise his shield to fend them off.

The rusted blade came down again and again, *thud! thud! thud!* each impact strong enough to dislocate his arm if he did not meet it correctly. Instinct made him retreat but almost immediately his back met another frantically moving body, his only indication it was friendly was the lack of blade through his spine.

Instead he circled, making the most of the limited space. The blows came down in such a flurry he had no time to think, only react, and it was with more than a little surprise he realised he was defending himself.

Dwarven Brock Riders by Jose Manuel Chasco Gonzalez

Orc Kudger on Gore by Jonathan Faulkes



This was why he had come to the end of the world; to seek out battle and the death he was too cowardly to give himself.

Wasn't it?

It had been.

Over the weeks of trudging over the mountains he'd accepted that his shame was one he could never make amends for, and that an honourable death was more than he deserved.

But, perhaps, an honourable life could go some way to make some atonement. After all, death came to everyone eventually.

The decision arrived with another blow to Jorrin's shield and with the strength of resolve he swept his shield aside. Unexpected movement took the orc's blade and arm with it. Whatever expression the beast had it lasted only long enough for Jorrin to throw himself forward, bring his axe around and down, and cleave the orc's face in two.

The scream in Jorrin's ears was his own; a heady mixture of anger, joy and the possibilities of a continued existence. He laughed, hurled himself at another orc. His axe sliced into the beast's ribs extracting a bull-like bellow that Jorrin silenced by climbing its flank and bringing his blade to its throat.

He jumped clear of the felled creature and bounded for the next. He became movement, violence, the bringer of death to these spawns of a bygone age who dared walk his peoples' mountains. He carved his own kingdom amid the battle where any orc who entered it was welcomed with blades and a screamed oath that it would be ended. And then there were no more. Jorrin could not remember how or when but his shield was gone, instead he held a second axe in his shield hand. Both dripped an ichorous fluid steaming in the cold air.

Around him the snow stained with the same black fluid and orc bodies. Each one had died hard under multiple wounds he only had the vague notion came from his axes. Beyond that circle were more orc bodies, but intermingled with those of dwarfs.

He looked around quickly, searching for Gruf and Bradwen in the survivors, but turned

Orc Warrior by Marcel Popik

into the face of Master Ranger Rhun.

"What's your name, dwarf?"

Jorrin's brow furrowed under the exhausted uncertainty that he had seen the master ranger die under a pile of orc. "I asked your name," he said again.

"Jorrin," he said, too tired to remember the 'sir'.

Rhun nodded as if he already knew, rested his axe on his shoulder and with his other hand dragged a sack across the ground as he walked by. He looked about at the fallen dwarfs. Perhaps a third of the regiment lay among the dead, dotted here and there with

Dwarven Warsmith by Peter Grose

the dwarfs in green ranger's cloaks. "We leave now," Rhun said loud enough everyone could hear. "Gather your fallen. We'll take them on their cloaks. Two dwarfs to a cloak, and don't waste any time. It will be dark soon, and there'll be time enough to mourn after we return."

"Sir, where's Thegn Uchdryd?" someone asked. Jorrin nearly sagged when he saw it was Gruf, with Bradwen behind as her shadow.

Rhun pointed to a dwarf face down beneath an orc body. "The Thegn fought well, but he needs you for his final journey home."

Home thought Jorrin, and despite all the death that lay around him could have smiled for the warm connotations the word now evoked within him.

****

Tho' age be-slows us
Duty demands us
We go

Herse Baddon's anger was a sight to behold. The Lord of the Dar Gaer burst from his throne and seemed to ready to kill anyone foolish enough to walk within arm's reach. However the closest person was the master ranger, and the Herse relented to punching the granite throne. The stone seat, already old when the God War began, cracked under the blow but seemed to exhaust some of the Herse's rage.

Rhun had described how he had tracked a band of orcs as they crossed the Trag river and scouted into Dar Gaer's territory. How the orcs met with others already in the mountains, and became so numerous that the rangers' presence had been discovered through the sheer number of them moving freely through the lower valleys. He told of the ranger's flight, and of their chance encounter with the patrol.

It was the recounting of Thegn Uchdryd's death which prompted Herse Baddon to unleash his legendry temper. As he stood there breathing hard the stone backing split, then sheared and slipped onto the hall floor with a crash which sounded around the great hall. The echo died, replaced the by the Herse's deep, regular breaths.

"They are just orcs," the Herse said without turning from the throne.

"For now," said Rhun. "But we know these are only the scouts. *They* shall come."

The Herse paced before his throne. "I did not retake Dar Gaer just to lose it again."

"They want it back." Rhun spoke matter of factly. "We knew this time would come."

The Herse stopped pacing and considered Rhun's words. "Yes, we did." He turned and looked behind the master ranger where the survivor of the regiment stood to attention. His mood shifted; the rage wasn't gone, not entirely. From the few times Jorrin had seen the Herse he believed anger was the foundation of his soul. But it was joined by the kind of wicked enthusiasm which was only not called malevolence because he was dwarf, and by definition on the side of good. "And with such dwarfs at my side they can send all the hell spawn they like, and we shall send them back to the pit they crawled from."

The dwarfs cheered their readiness. Jorrin felt inflated and plated in armour. He believed everything the Herse said. For he was Herse Baddon; Champion of all the Free Clans and Lord of Dar Gaer. With the Herse leading them Jorrin knew they could withstand anything.

Dwarven Fish Farm by Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

To be continued…

If you liked that, check out information regarding Michael's new novel on page 92▪

CREATION OF FIRE

By Chris Davis

The human slave watched with a grim fascination born of despair and terrifying curiosity. The short armored dwarf walked around her muttering chanting almost repeating some vile debased incantation over and over. She struggled against the bronze inlaid chains and cuffs, trying to free herself from the binds but all to no avail.

She was bound to a stout wooden cross in the middle of a roughly hewn circle of earth ash and sulphur, the latter added by the armored dwarf. Around her wooden cross in an exact pattern of ashen dots on the ground were nine mounds of greater ash piled up. As the dwarf muttered and chanted the piles of ash seemed to glow and rise up, as if the very earth itself refused that which was in it. The ash mounds grew until they took on the vague shape of women, if the slave had but looked she would have seen nine exact copies of herself in each mound of ash.

Undead Mounted Standard Bearer by Andre Kritzinger

The slave was far too busy screaming at this point for as each mound had grown to take the form and shape of the slave, she had burning boils leaping from her skin as if her body was boiling from the inside out. By the time the ash mounds had taken full effect there was nothing left of the slave but a limp burnt out skeleton.

Abyssal Gargoyle by Chris Schlumpberger

Upon seeing the ash mounds at their full height the dwarf changed his tone and words to a different series of chants wards praise and utterance. For he had sensed the end of the life force of the slave and the start of her sisters of ash. Now was the time for the final strike to ensure the creations were more than just statues of ash no matter how fine the detail and scale.

Finishing his newest set of praise and holy words the nine ash statues burst into flame and as if one a spigot of flame leapt from each of them into the burnt out skeleton of the mother sister. As this gout of flame hit the burnt out skeleton it too burst into flames and became the 10th sister of fire. Upon the mother sisters flaming birth into the world all ten of the newly created ash sisters were granted their wings of pure fire. As one the ten beings of pure fire leapt into the sky and circled high in the sky before banking to fly off into the fading light.

Far below the armored dwarf smiled a dark a smile a smile of horrors and gave quiet praise to the bull god. With his demon eyes he could see what his creations saw, and thanks to the offering of the slaves body to feed the fire he saw they would serve him well and long. For in this new world scouts were needed and what better scouts than fiery harpies of the abyss to fill such need?▪

DWARVEN TAPE MEASURE CONVERSION

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

This time I want show a different kind of crafting project; Something different, that can be used whenever you're playing, no matter the system or setting. This tutorial is about converting a simple item to a better looking mastercraft item.

Thanks to user "Thoradin Hammerfall" for the idea for this project. I saw what he had made for a similar project, and I thought it was a great piece of mixture terrain and useful wargaming tool. I began the tape construction with high-density polystyrene.

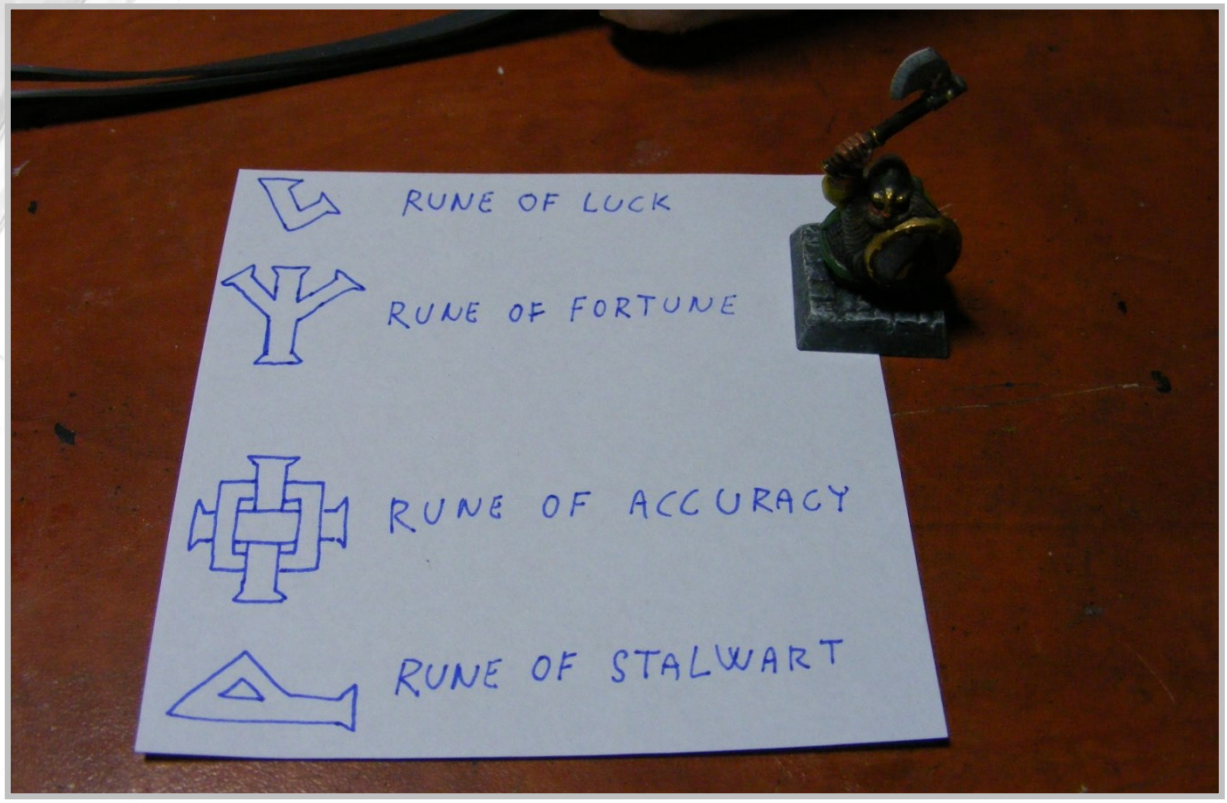
1. The first step is to buy the measuring tape. Here in continental Europe, everything is in centimeters, so I needed to find a tape with inches. After looking in couple of shops, I I found it. It was dual measure tape (half inches, half centimeters)

2. I wrapped the tape like a sandwich in the high-density polystyrene. I made two walls, and one twisted piece around the middle of the tape. For the glue, I used a 5-minute epoxy to create a strong and very durable joint.

After hardening epoxy, come nest step. : Cutting the protruding parts into the right shape and giving it texture.

3. Start carving; You'll need a scalpel for this, or a very sharp knife. After finishing it looked like the picture above.

Below, you can see the layers of HD styrene around the measure tape.



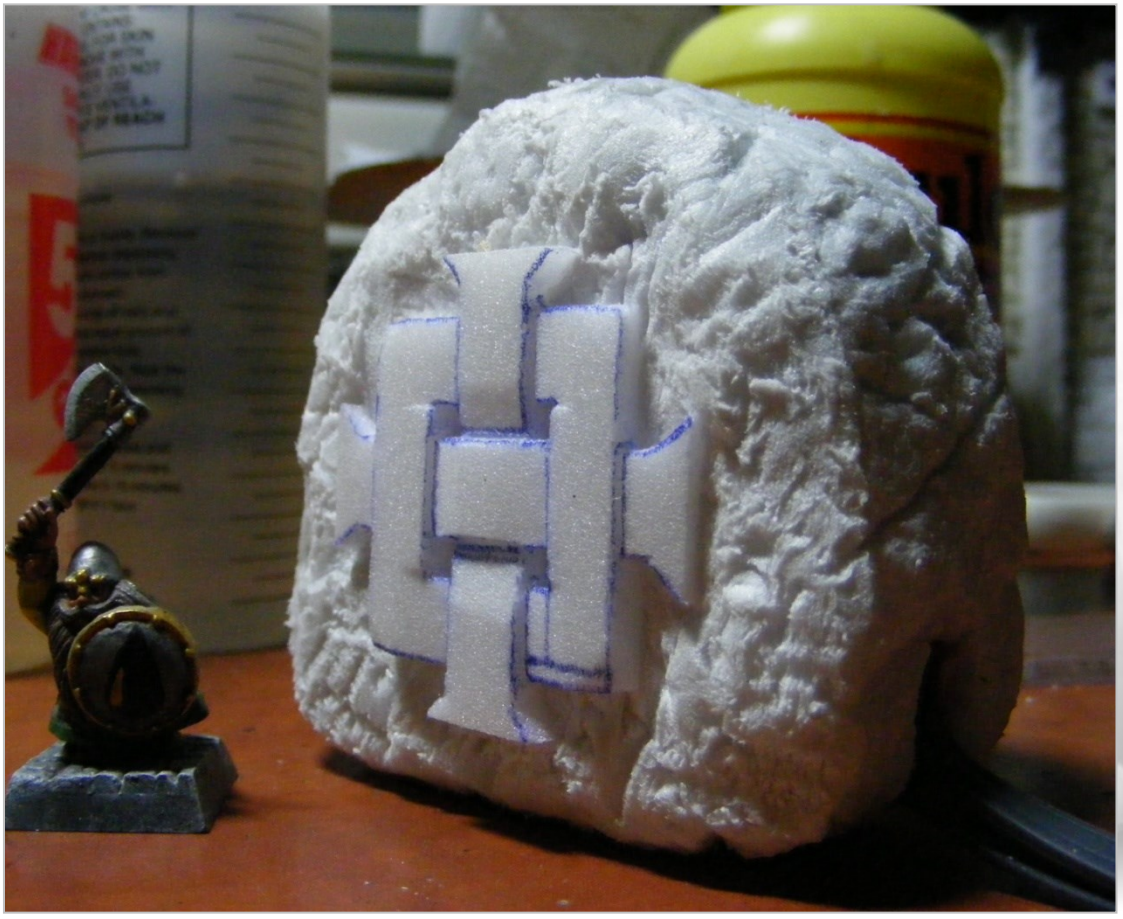
4. The next step is to think up what you want on sides. I choose dwarf runes. I prepared my 4 runes concept; I wanted something to support the wargaming theme and my own fortunes on the table:

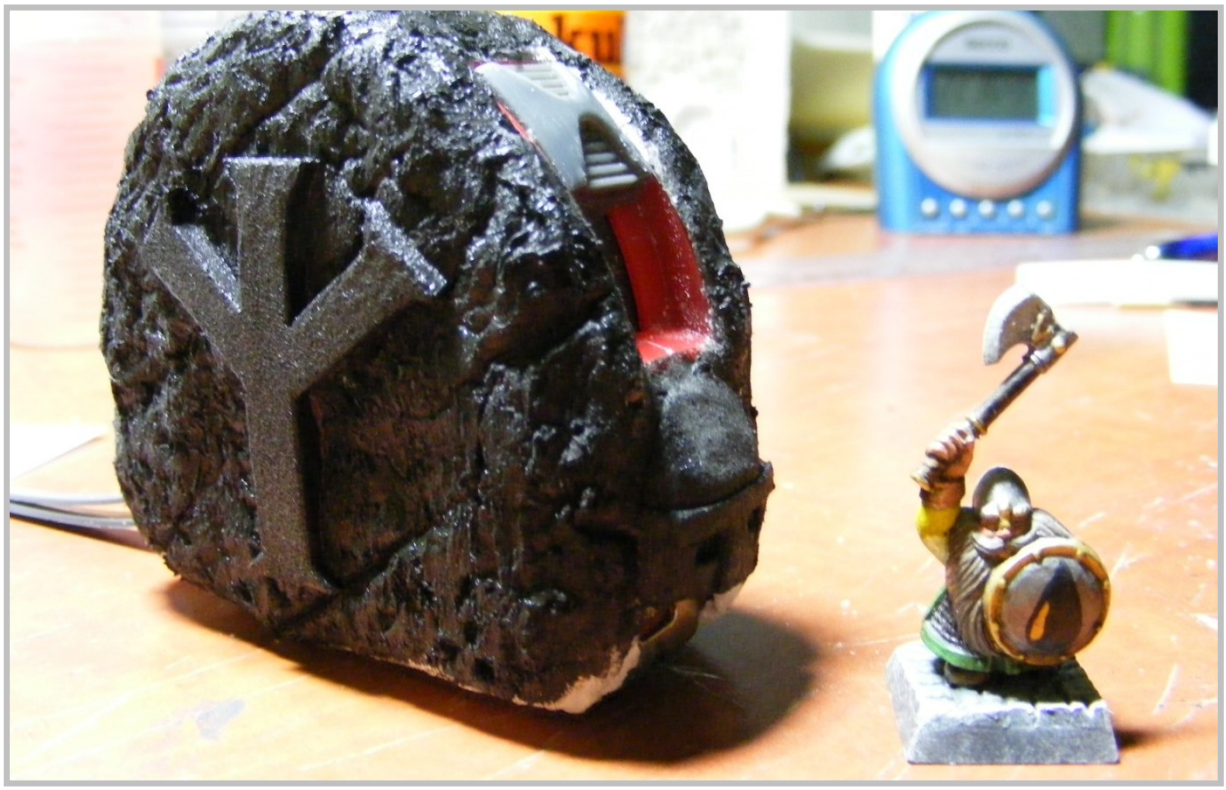
Rune of luck
Rune of fortune
Rune of accuracy
Rune of stalwart

5. I cut 2 runes from HD styrene and again glued it with the 5-minute epoxy. For more details, I added a dwarf ancestor head on the front of the tape. I designed it so the tape would be coming out of his mouth.

Here's the view of the bottom so far (Above).

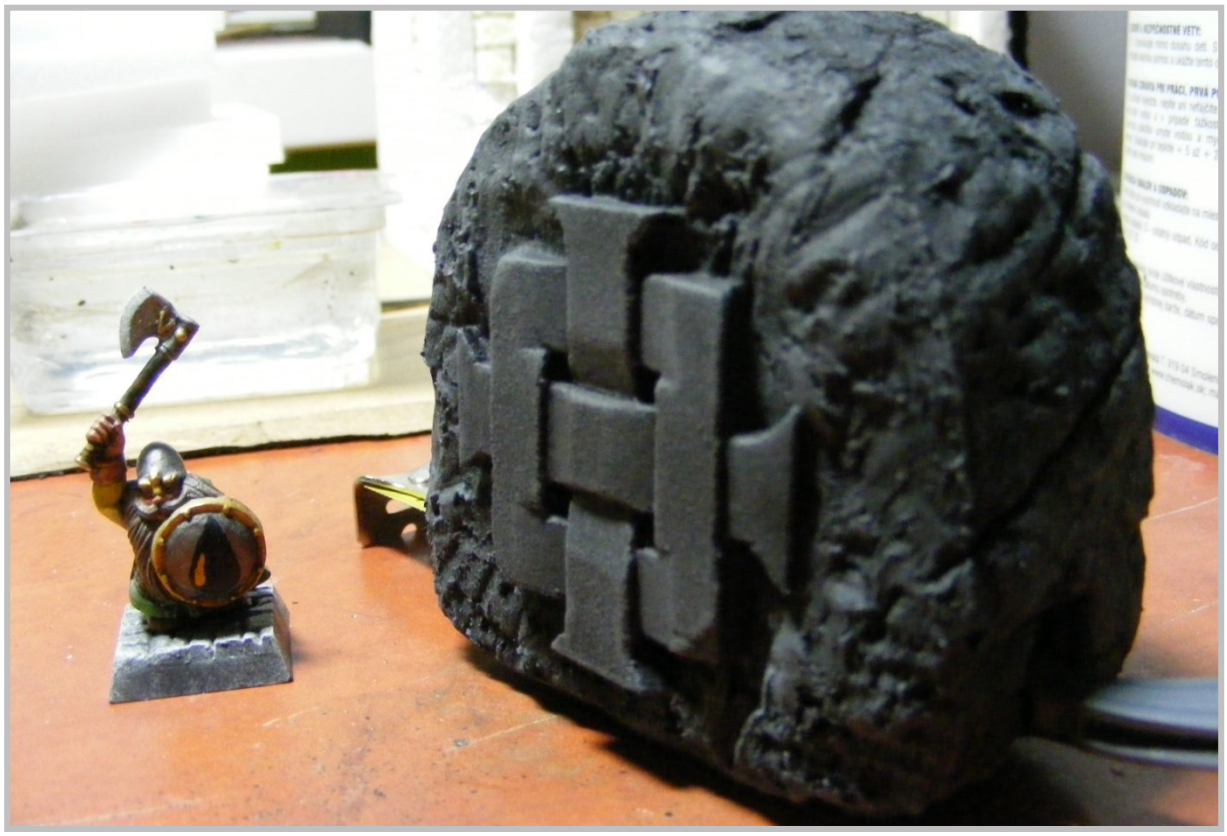
Below is the other side of the tape with the second rune. This one is carved from a flat plate of HD styrene. To make it more 3D, I made different surface layers with careful carving..



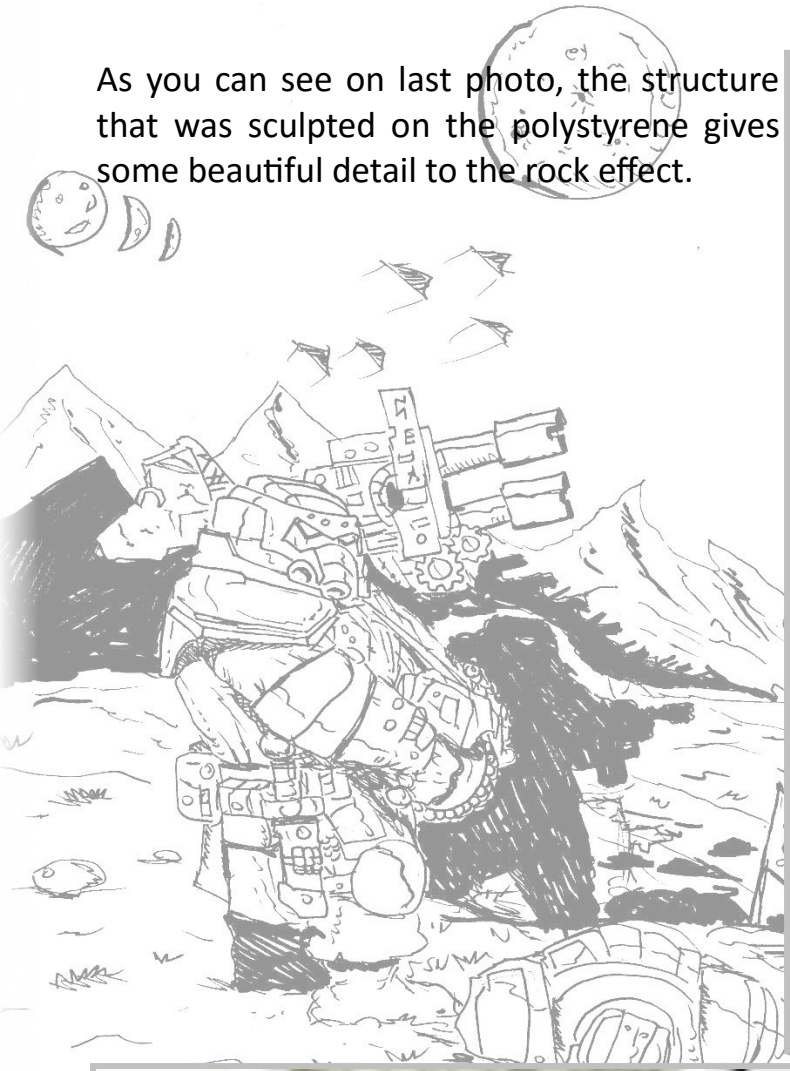


6. Now that the carving is finished, we can begin painting starting with the black undercoat.

This was continued with black and white mixed in lighter shades to highlight the detail we carved (3 layers of paint total).

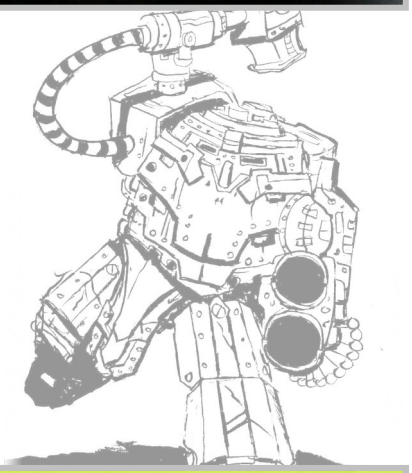


As you can see on last photo, the structure that was sculpted on the polystyrene gives some beautiful detail to the rock effect.

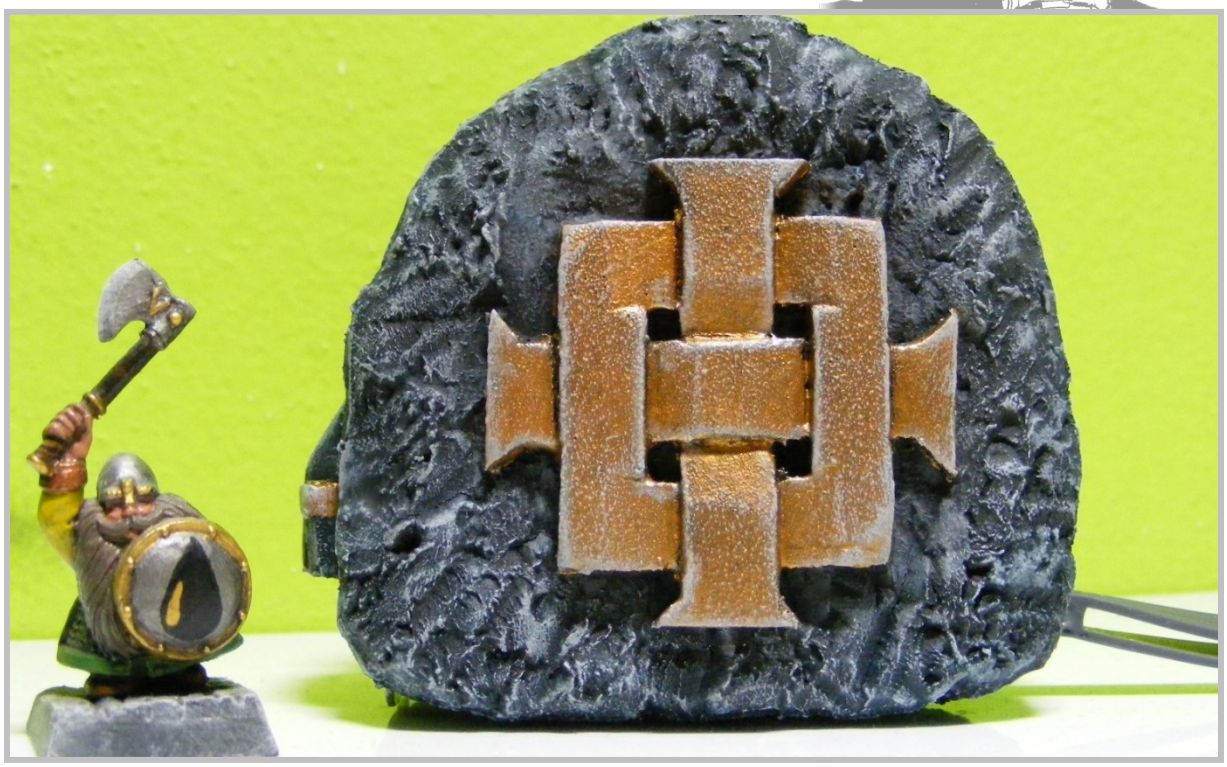


7. Next was time for more details on the rock. I needed to make the runes and ancestral Dwarf face different, so I painted it with gold. For weathering the edge of the gold, I just drybrushed with some white.

8. The last step was to do a black wash on the entire measuring tape, finishing it with a matte varnish (So the tape and paint could withstand frequent handling)



Below and on the following pages are some pictures of the final finished product.▪

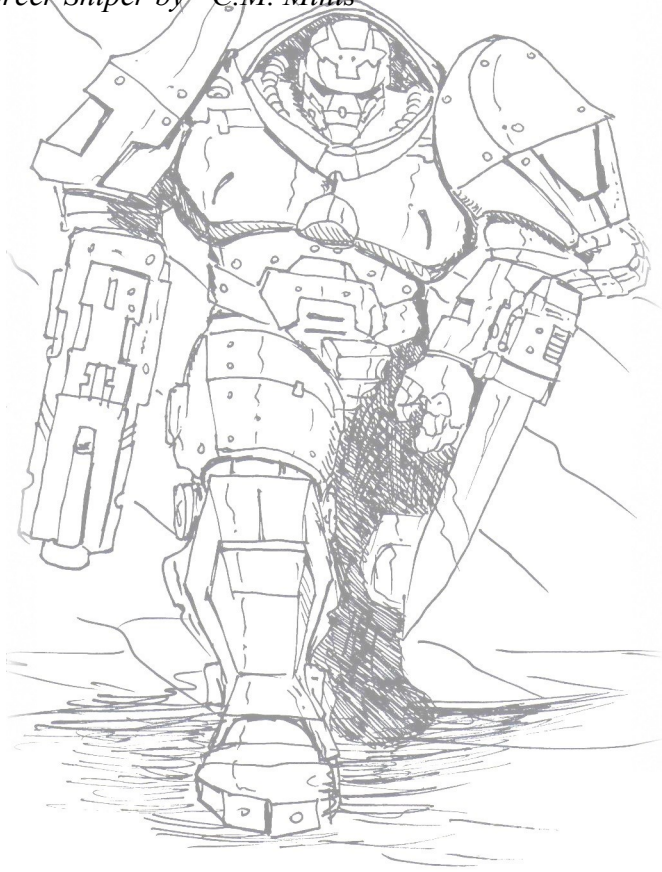


End.

Deadzone Wrath mercenary and Enforcer Sniper by "C.M. Minis"

DEADZONE 'RITUAL'

By Matthew Lindsay



Everyone has a pre-battle ritual. Everyone.

First Recon G38-04 Rylor Ings looked around him as his four Enforcer brothers and sisters went about their own rituals, each honed into a fine art. Some were repeatedly checking gear, a methodical approach to steel the mind. Someone was muttering prayers, to steel to soul. Rylor wasn't a religious man, but he didn't resent those who prayed. Whatever it took to get soldier to fight was worth something.

One thing all rituals have in common is they are done in quiet, each Enforcer's ritual as personal as their dreams and desires.

Above the roaring of the ship's engines could be heard the distant sounds of a raging battle growing ever louder as they began the descent. Explosions were muffled, felt through the hull: the planet was going to Hell. And they were the first in, boots on the ground, eyes on target, with only one objective: evidence of Plague life forms.

Mission parameters: lethal force authorised, planet population irrelevant and expendable.

'Lethal force authorised'. That statement always made a First Recon unit smile with a bitter irony: lethal force was what they were used for. Strike fast, strike hard, get out with the intel. Avoid civilians if possible, but kill any and all who stand in your way. You don't have time to talk and reason. *The objective is all that matters; there are bigger things at stake.* The words of Rylor's career sergeant from his boot camp days still echoed in his mind.

The ship suddenly banked, the pilot narrowly avoiding either some falling debris or stray missile. The closer they got to the ground, twisting between the higher buildings, the more dangerous the drop became. Every manoeuvre shook the Enforcers strapped into the hold, and with every tilt and roll all knew they had just narrowly avoided death.

There were rarely survivors to a hit on a Recon ship; they were built for speed and mobility and to rapidly deploy, not for combat. Anything much more than small arms fire could bring it down; the Enforcers lives were entirely in the skilled hands of the

Assault Enforcer by Matthew Beer

Deadzone Rebs leaders by Nicodemus Sandberg

pilot. Rylor could see some of the lips of his companions moving, eyes closed as they fervently whispered prayers to whatever gods they believed in.

There isn't a soldier to be found that doesn't have a pre-battle ritual. Rylor wasn't a gambling man, but he'd damn well lay a wager that even the alien warriors of the Judwan or Forge Fathers have a ritual.

The internal speaker crackled into life. '*Drop ETA 2 minutes*.'

There isn't a soldier to be found that doesn't have a pre-battle ritual, because there isn't any peace to be found among the stars. *We're fighting a galaxy-wide war,* he thought. *Fighting to protect a future, fighting to honour a past. We've survived on the blood of martyrs.* Humanity's worlds existed on blood; the blood of the soldiers and Enforcers fighting on the frontiers. Mankind was embroiled in a war for our way of life, and there could be no peace until it was secured. *We're fighting on the very edges of the galaxy while Earth's become just another star in the night. How many of us would even know which star our home was?*

'Drop ETA 1 minute.'

Rylor thought of the home he had left and the once-called-home he was fighting for. He thought of his family. He thought of his adopted family, his brothers and sisters in arms beside him, and what they'd been through. He thought of the enemy, specifically, he thought of the Plague. He thought of what it did to a man, to a woman, to a child. He'd seen the bodies. He'd put them down.

'Drop ETA 30 seconds.'

Everyone has a pre battle ritual. Everyone. Some check gear. Some say prayers.

'Drop ETA 20 seconds.'

But Rylor thought. That was his ritual. He thought of everything he fought for.

'Drop ETA 10 seconds.'

He thought of everything he'd die for.

'Drop ETA 5 seconds.'

And this was it.

'4.'

'3.'

'2.'

'1.'▪

Deadzone Enforcer Sniper by Boris Samec

IRONWATCH TOWER

By Peter—"Tek Thornisson"

This time I wanted to present one building on the Forge Fathers colonized planet where my band of Forgefathers come from.

So a little fluff about it before we get to the good stuff:

Located within the core planets in .the Mantica galaxy :

Planet Kathrillon

2x Terra-Normal Gravity

No water on surface, but very rare steam pockets in the upper mantle.

Temperature: Day: +580 degrees Celsius; Night: -200 degrees Celsius

Rich in superheavy elements (Needed for reactors, specials metal-ceramic alloys.)

Breathable air: None, only toxic gases.

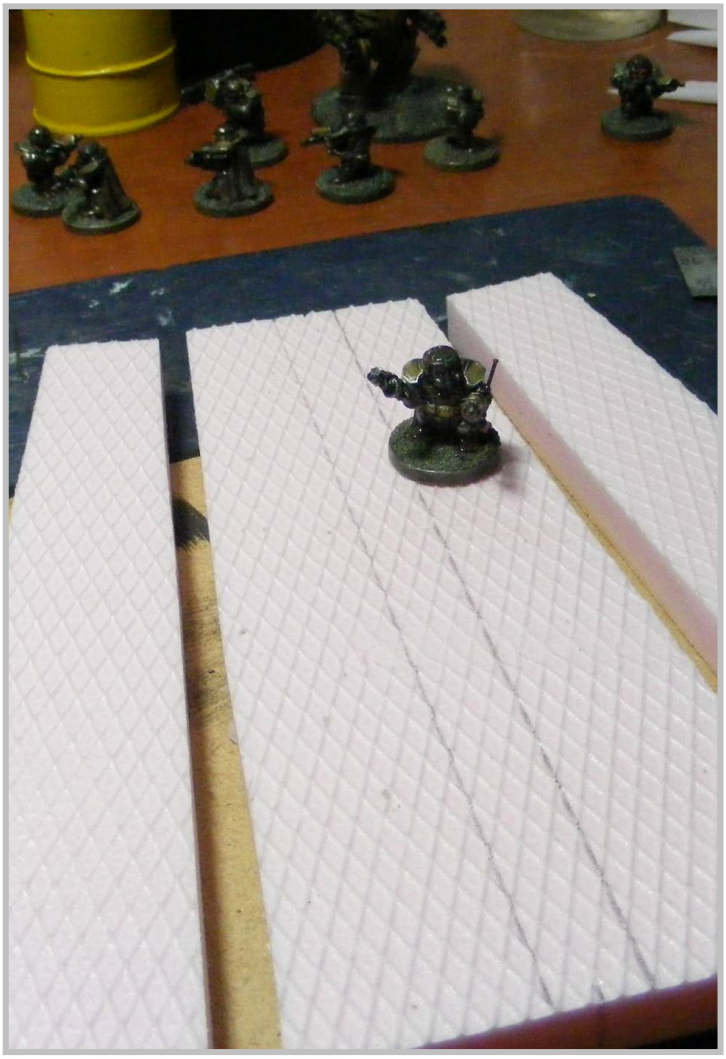
Very dangerous wind storms occur frequently during the day. Speeds 260-500km/h can lift stones, dust, and sand high into upper atmosphere. After the wind power fades, this debris falls to the ground in a sort of aerial bombardment.

The only quiet time is from dusk to dawn. At this time and this time only it is possible to land with space ships.

Nothing on the surface can last very long; Only heavy bunkers can stand their ground without getting blown or ground away.

For construction, Forge Fathers use Keramcrete. That's the reason most of their structures have a "burnished rust" look.

The ironwatch tower is an entrance to a small outpost underground. The watch post on top of the tower is for keeping an eye on nearby surroundings (Such as for weather changes or the jet stream bombardment.)



Editor's Note: Peter has been kind enough to send us several terrain-making tutorials for the next few issues. While they don't have step-by-step written overviews, the materials are simple, and a picture (of a tutorial step) is worth a thousand words!

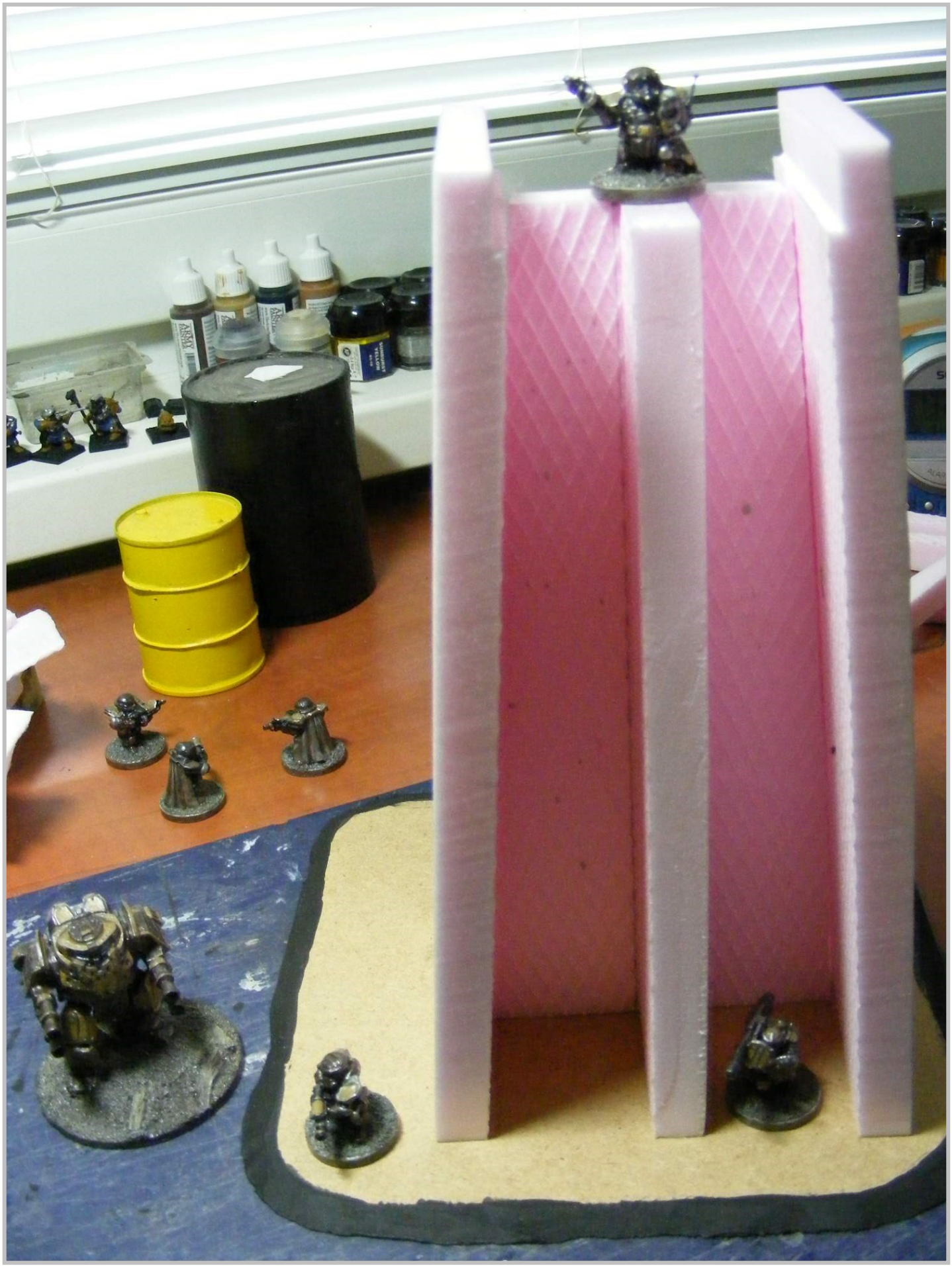
"I work until now only with high-density polystyrene-often colored has a smooth, tough structure.

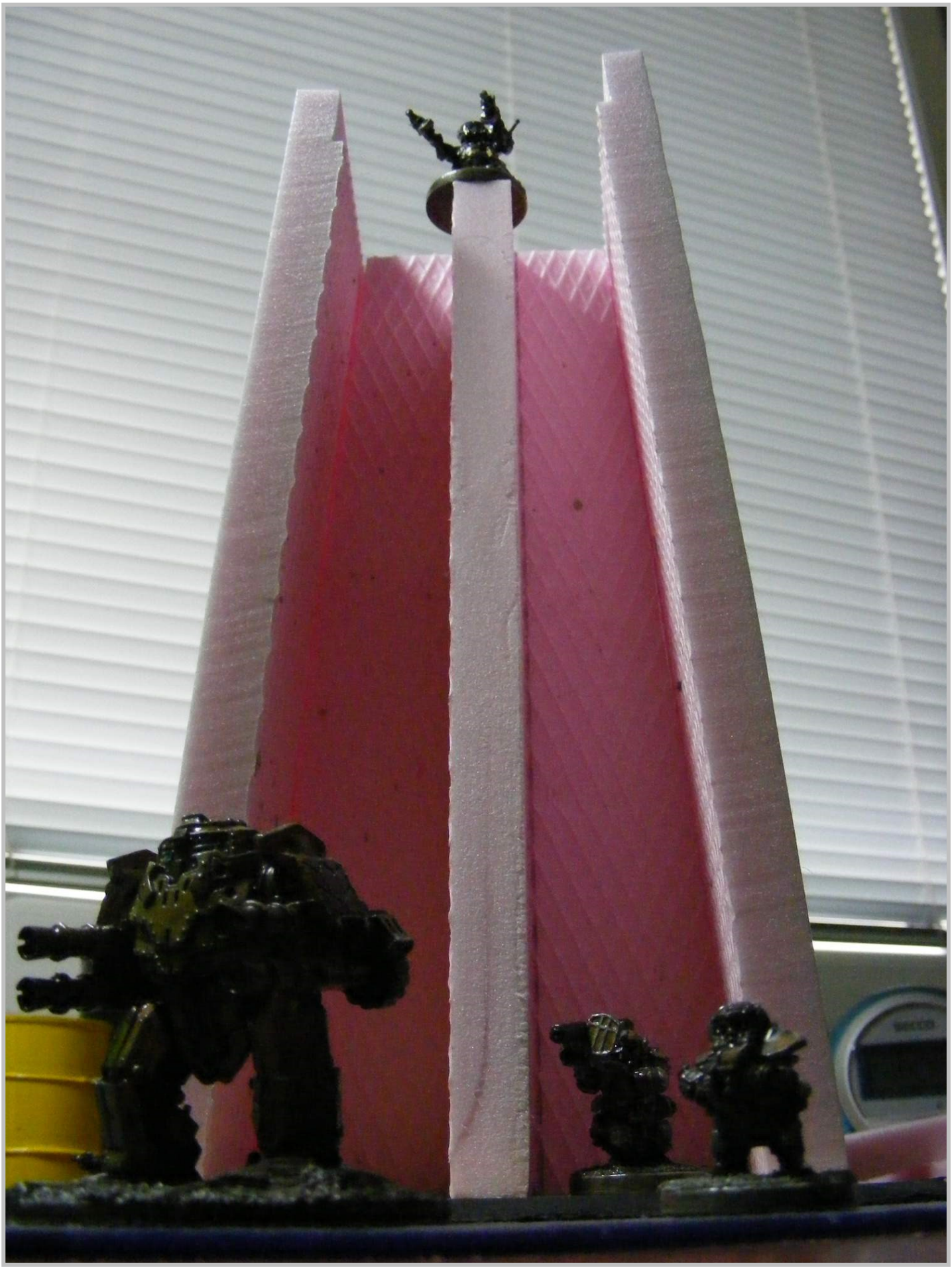
The only special tool I use is a desktop foam cutter from Proxxon.

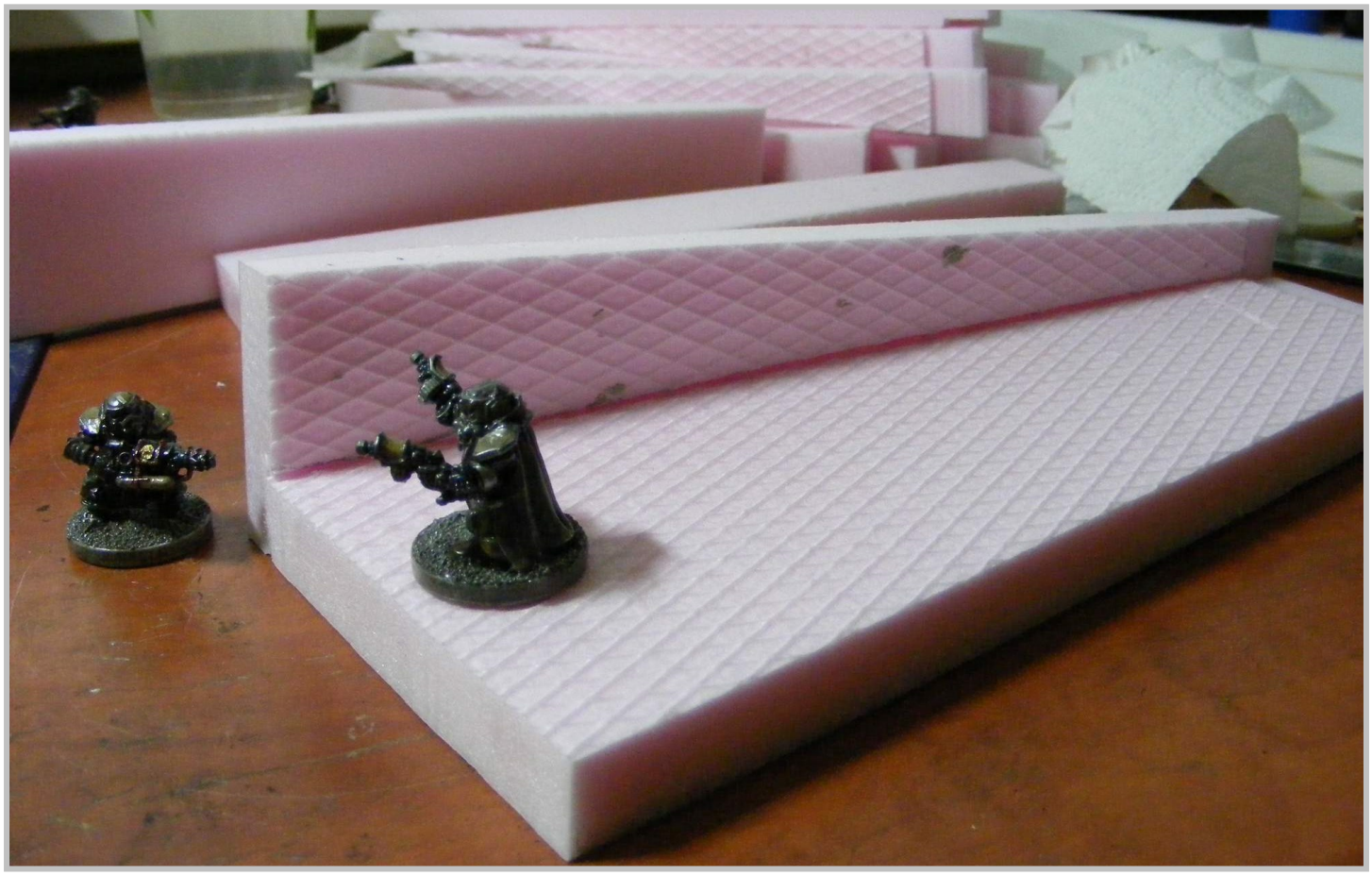
The other tools all modelers have at home:

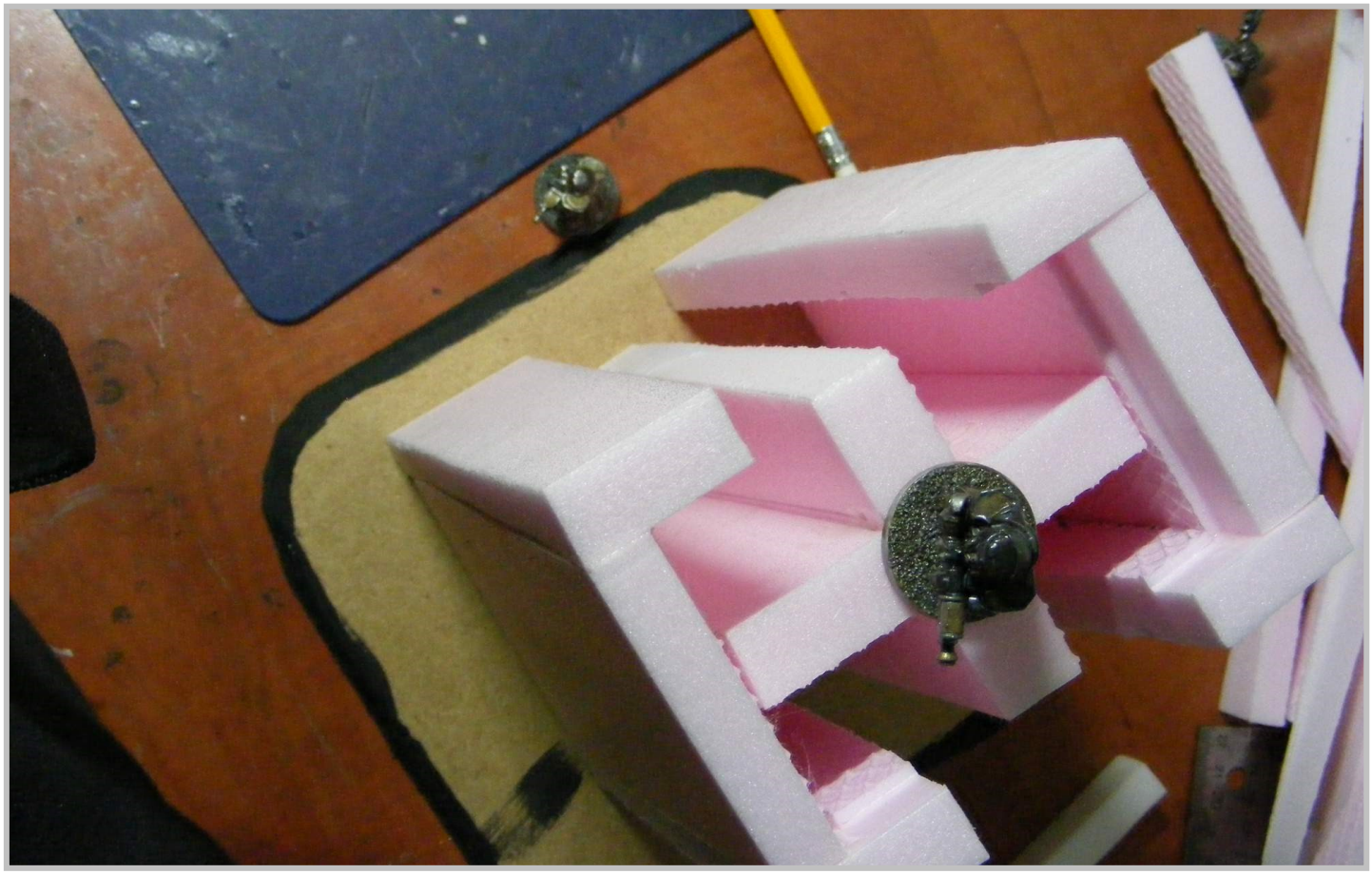
- *Retractable knife*
- *Scalpel with disposable blades (for very detailed cutting)*
- *Brushes*
- *Pencil*
- *Toothpick*

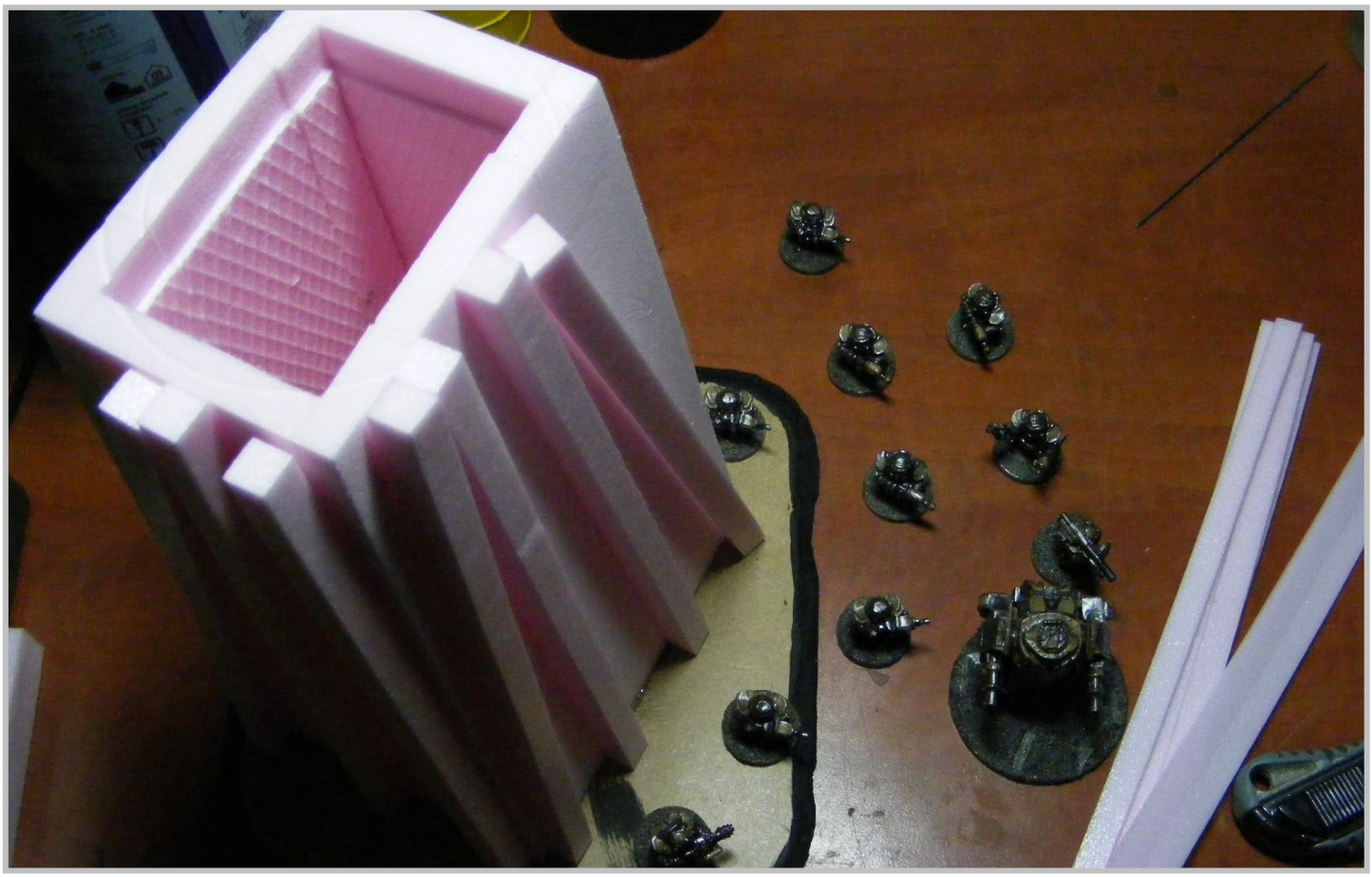
And endless imagination!"▪

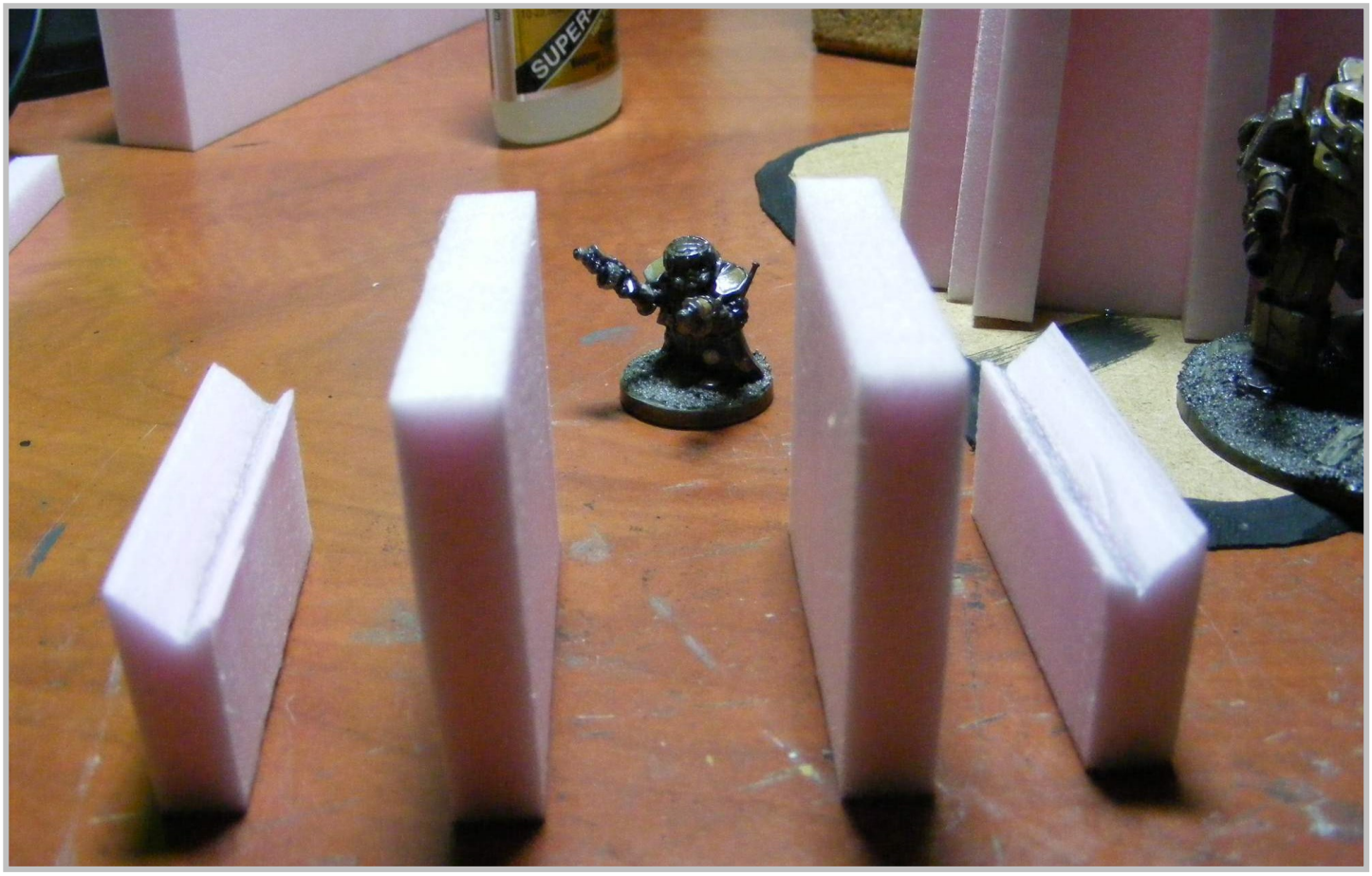


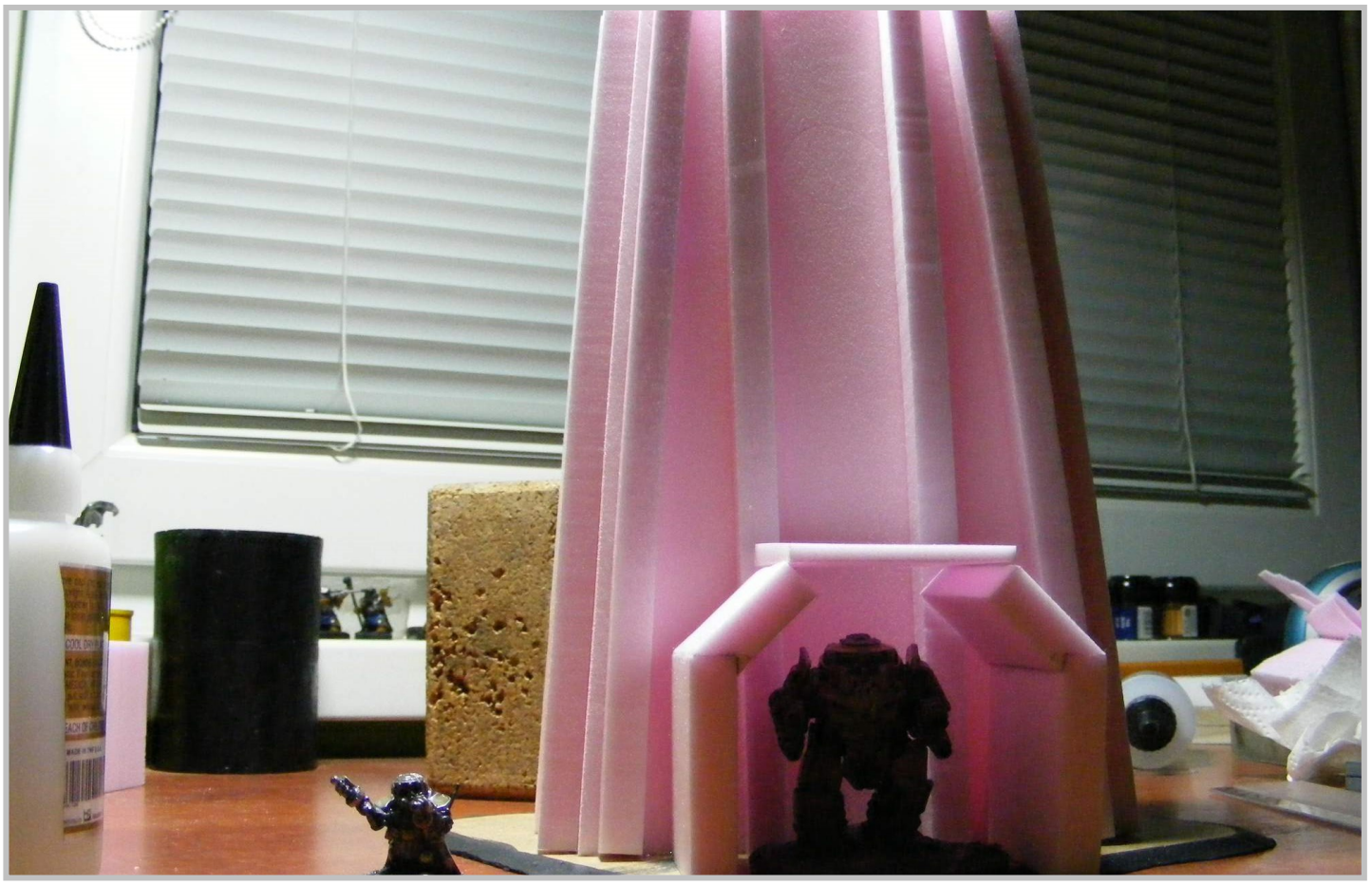




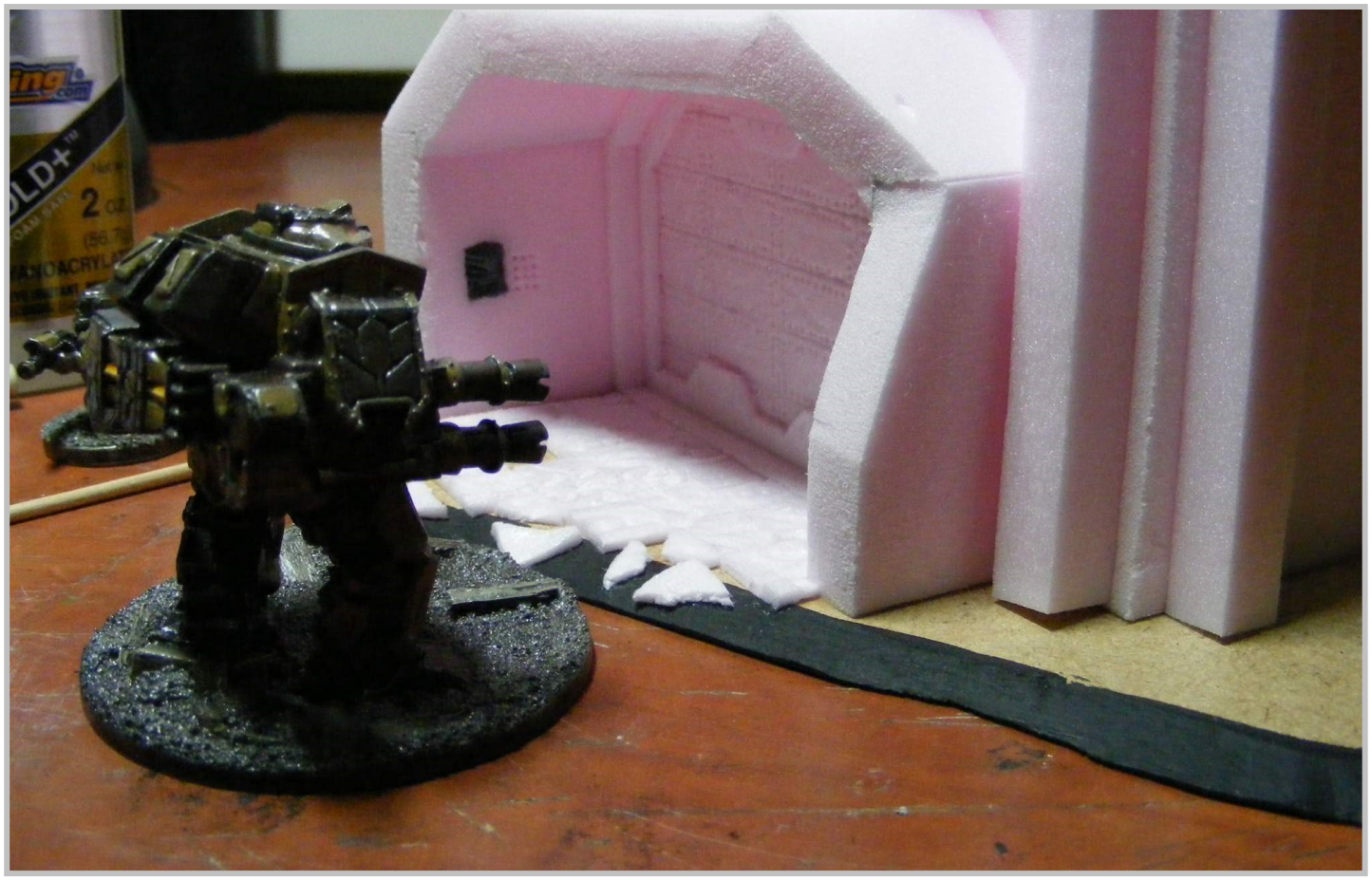


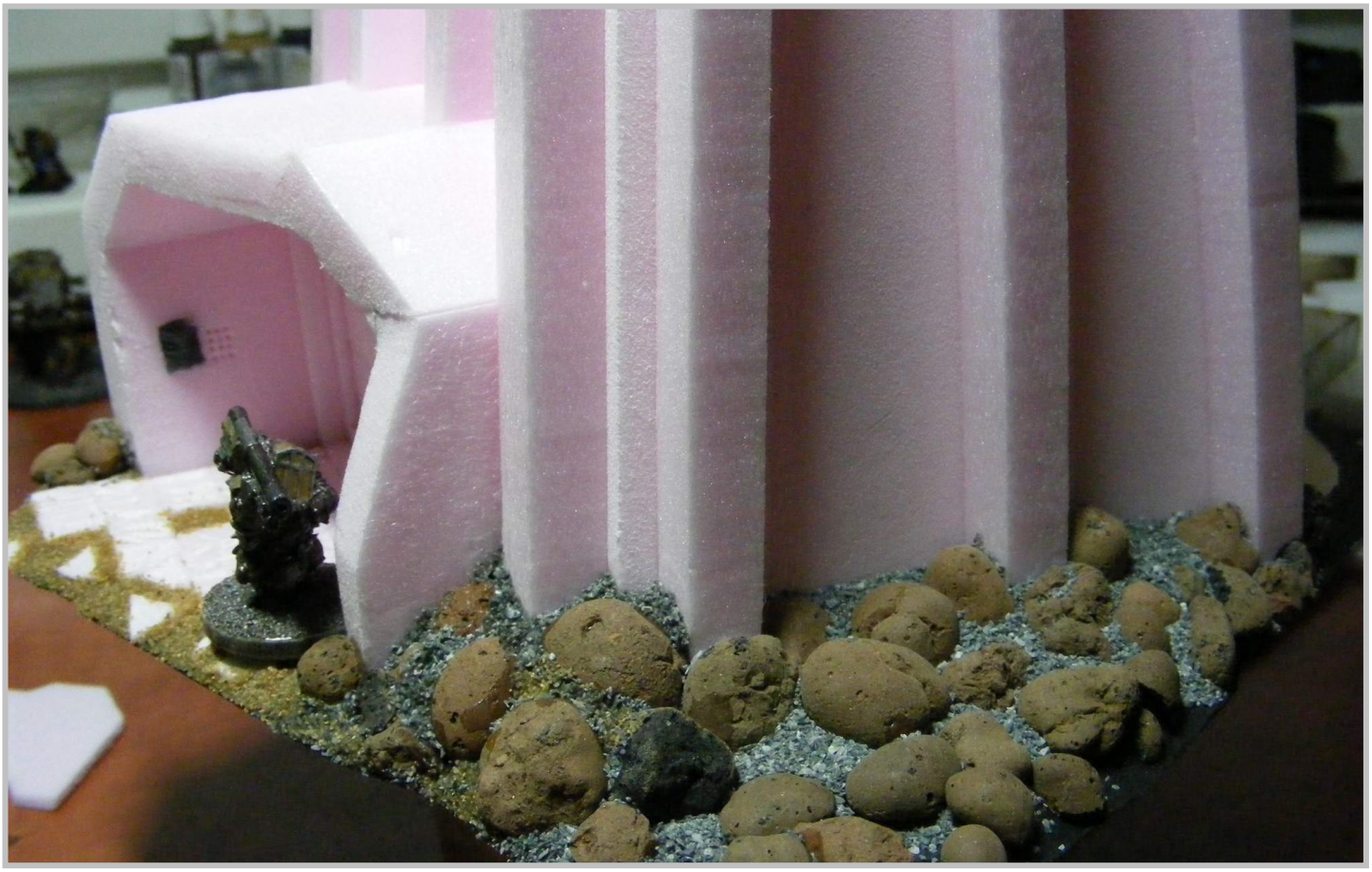


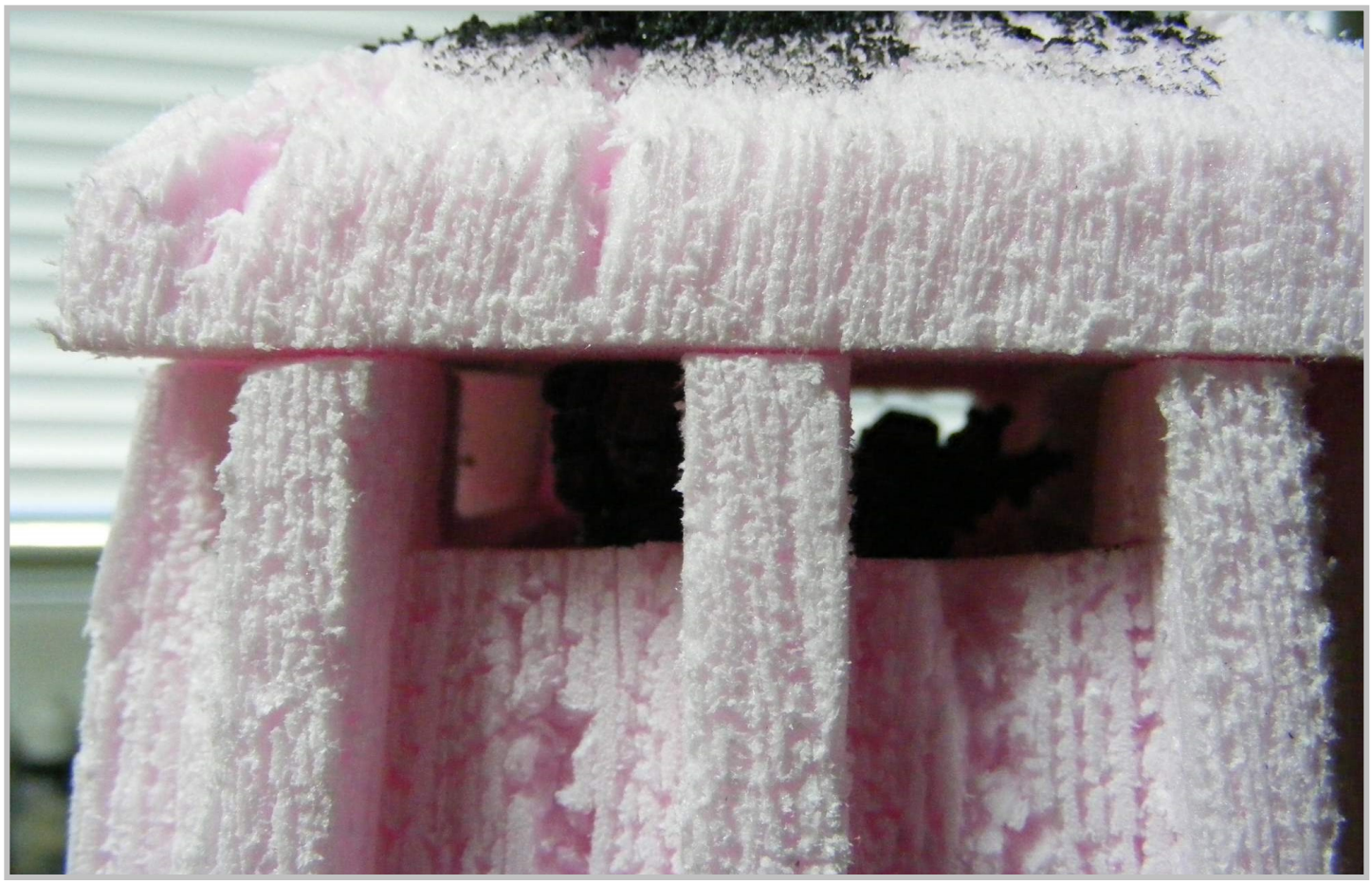


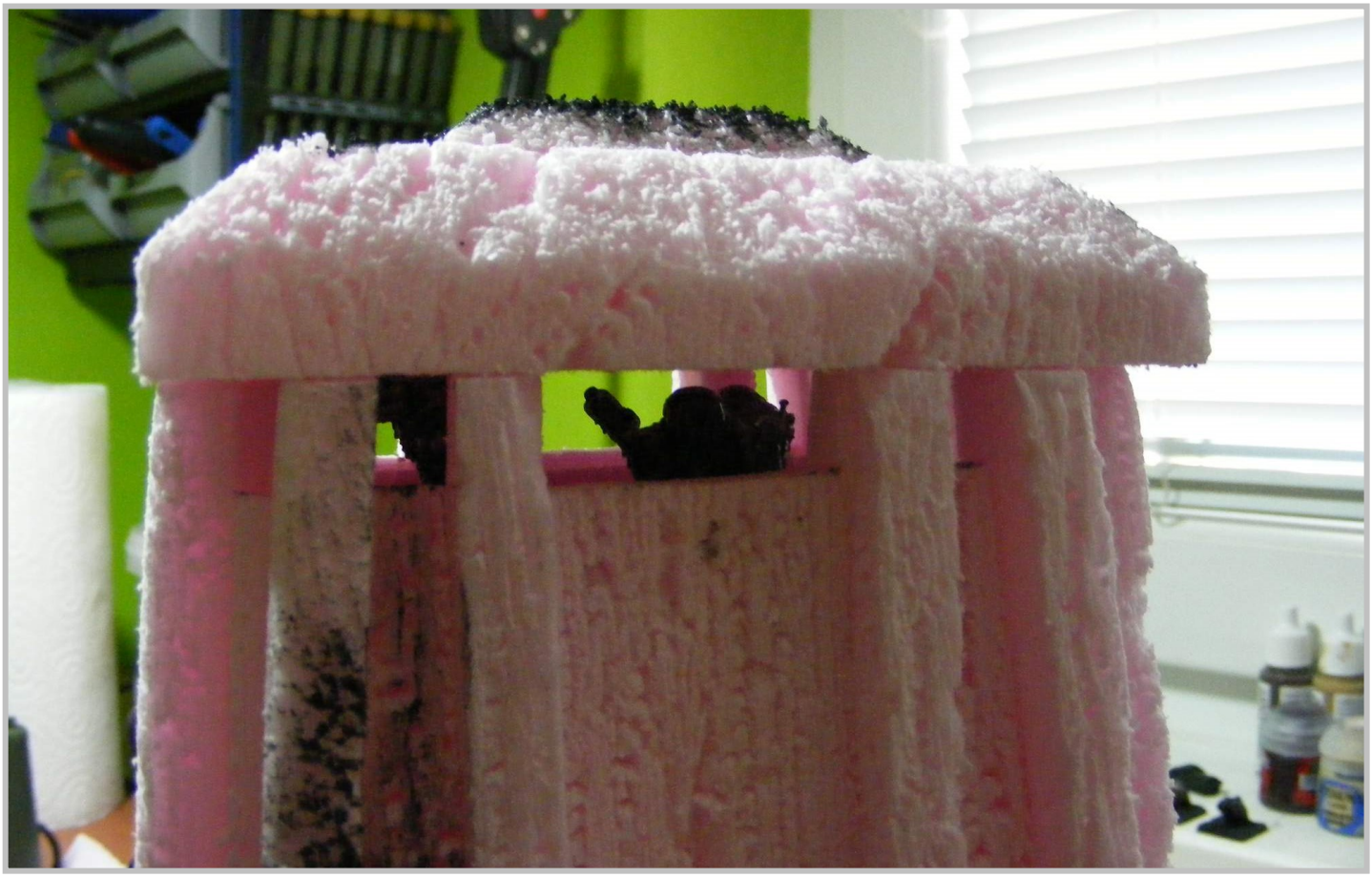


SUPER-GOLD









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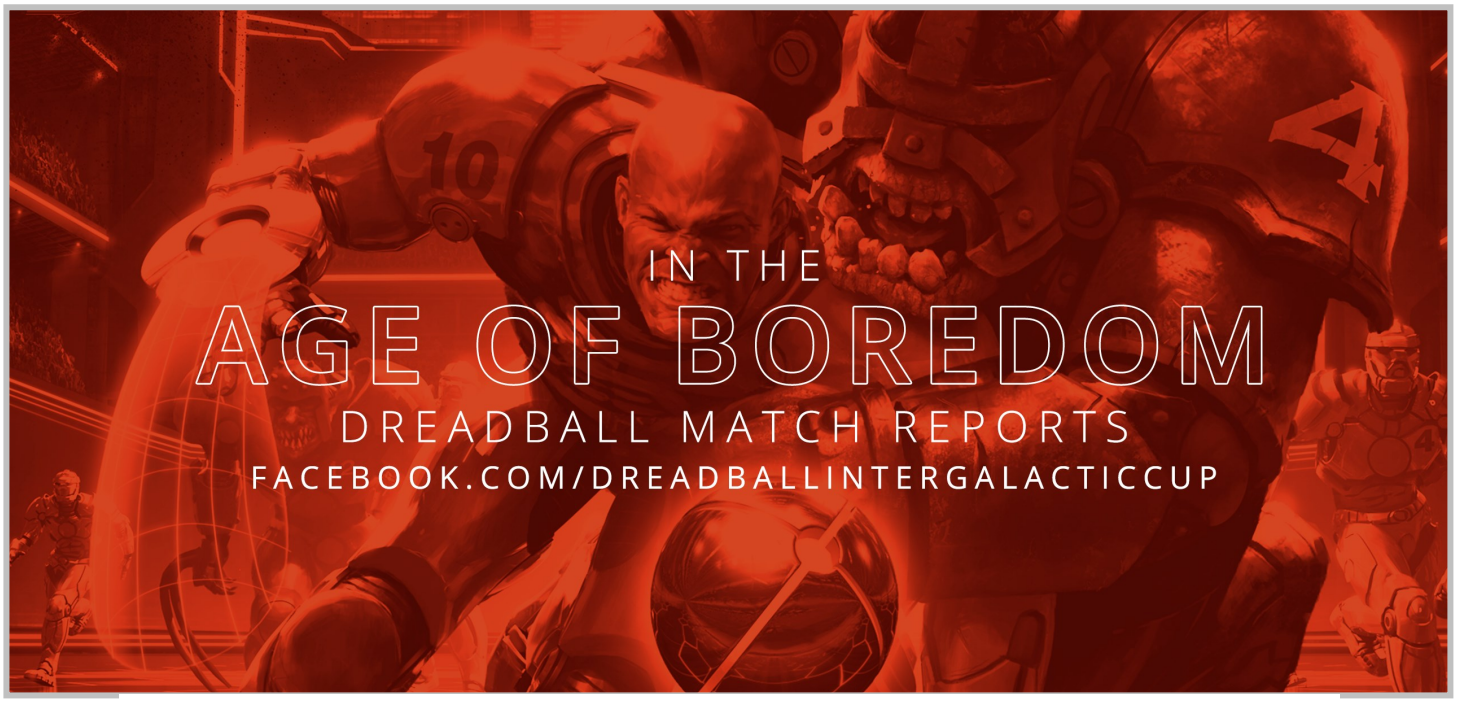

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